



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A
sician's Anthology

LANE MEDICAL LIBRARY STANFORD

LANE



LIBRARY

GIFT

Mr. Samuel Login

AMERICAN BOOK MONTHLY LITHO

LOGIN BROS

A Physician's Anthology
of
English and American Poetry

PRINTED IN ENGLAND
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY FREDERICK HALL

A Physician's Anthology of English and American Poetry

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

CASEY A. WOOD, M.D.

AND

FIELDING H. GARRISON, M.D.

HUMPHREY MILFORD

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE

CAPE TOWN BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS

SHANGHAI PEKING COPENHAGEN

1920

MP

DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
SIR WILLIAM OSLER

78433

FOREWORD

THIS volume was originally intended as a birthday tribute to Sir William Osler by one of his old Montreal students and by another American 'pupil' in a far different sense. Too late for the festal ceremonies in honour of his seventieth birthday, it was in the hands of the publishers when less than five months later (December 29, 1919), the 'Chief' was taken from us ; but the verses herein collected had already passed through his hands and met with his approval.

What Osler meant to the medical profession in America, what he did for us, can never be adequately expressed. *Omne individuum ineffabile*. And his was an individuality so rare, so warm and radiant with goodwill toward his fellow creatures, that we shall scarcely look upon his like again. He was handsome, wise, witty, learned, courteous, fair-minded and brave ; with the poet whom he most resembled in happy disposition, he might have said :

To me Fate gave, whate'er she else denied,
A nature sloping to the sunny side.

Through his professional affiliation with Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, he was in a very unique and personal way the great liaison officer of the Anglo-Saxon profession, a bond between English-speaking physicians

FOREWORD

everywhere. His position in the history of medicine is based upon genuine scientific achievement, learning of the most rare and varied kind, and original contributions to medical literature based upon a bedside and hospital experience so extensive that it has been described by one of his compeers as 'almost illimitable'. Osler's biographical and historical addresses have been well described as belonging to 'the literature of power', the kind of literature that profoundly influences people in the conduct of their lives. What made him, in a very real sense, the ideal physician, the essential humanist of modern medicine, was his wonderful genius for friendship toward all and sundry; and, consequent upon this trait, his large, cosmopolitan spirit, his power of composing disputes and differences, of making peace upon the high places, of bringing about 'Peace, Unity, and Concord' among his professional colleagues. 'Wherever Osler went', says one of his best pupils, 'the charm of his personality brought men together; for the good in all men he saw, and as friends of Osler, all men met in peace.'¹

To summarize the traits in Osler's character which made him so ideally the 'Beloved Physician' would require some such happy phrase as Liszt applied to Schubert—*le musicien le plus poète que jamais*. Through his Cornish ply, the Celt in his composition, Osler was assuredly *le médecin le plus poète que jamais*. The test lies in the simple fact that those whom he honoured and uplifted by his

¹ Professor William S. Thayer.

FOREWORD

friendship conceived for him an affection such as is accorded to few men; for not only did his personality suggest how close is the kinship of the temperament of the great physician with that of the poet and the artist; but there was in his kindly, humorous smile, his vivacious and withal utterly unpretentious nature, something which kept constantly floating before our eyes the *ineffable aurore*—

And on that countenance bright
Shone oft so high a light—

so high a light that one had inevitably the perception of a finer side of life than is commonly afforded in our ordinary workaday experience. This was the great secret of his hold upon young people. So cheerful, elastic and buoyant was his nature that like the beloved of the gods he seemed predestined to die young. In the words of Professor Gulland of Edinburgh:

‘He would always have the young people about him, and his keen sympathy and affection enabled him to enter into their joys and sorrows, and kept him young in defiance of his years. In every man he saw, and desired to see, only what was best and so brought out the best in those with whom he had to deal. One left him with the sense of moral uplift and a desire to be more worthy of his confidence and esteem. To his friends he was always the same. I don’t know what he was to his enemies—I doubt if he ever had one! . . . Valuable though his writings are, one would rather have had an hour’s talk with Osler than all his books. It was his personality and his personal radiation which gave him the immense power for good which he possessed. He seemed to exercise this only half-consciously; he was too humble-minded to value himself as we valued him.’

FOREWORD

voyance, fleeting, elusive, to be apprehended only by the *raptim* of the natural artist. There have been, indeed, sustained flights of sublime utterance, as in Milton or Wordsworth, and wonderful feats of artistry and architectonics, as in Keats or Swinburne, but *Morte d'Arthur*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, *Tintern Abbey*, *Empedocles*, or *The Altar of Righteousness* are *ouvrages de longue haleine* and require amplitudes of leisure. They cannot be grasped in the briefer, idle moments. Relying then upon the poems with the true 'lyrical cry', and leaving the longer pieces to the leisured cognoscenti, the design of this collection is made apparent by its arrangement.

Assume a young physician, of good upbringing, and with the kind of liberal education which his calling requires. Some of the emotional experiences reflected in these poems will be inevitably his, as he passes through life, or he will observe them in others, in his professional experience. The effect of medical training upon the individual is peculiar, in that it frequently gives a materialistic bias to the mind. But the effect of medical experience in practice, the constant familiarity with all modes of human suffering, is different. If it does not make the doctor right-hearted and high-minded, then he will fall short of the old Greek standard set by the Father of Medicine—that rectitude of mind and character is essential to the making of a good physician. Medicine is almost inevitably a matter of ethical relations and of treading the path of duty. It is, in some relations, far from a pleasant profession, yet the physician must always cultivate cheerfulness, good humour

FOREWORD

and that goodwill toward his fellow creatures which alone 'makes insight'. Dealing, as he does, daily and hourly with all forms of physical and mental suffering, the doctor cannot consciously adopt loose morals or frivolous standards without losing caste, even within the tribunal of his own conscience. In spite of smoking-room jests, and the large humorous perception of life required of him, his patients alone, in their helplessness and misery, will constantly remind him that 'want of decency shows want of sense'. *Quand notre mérite baisse notre goût baisse aussi.*

The late Dr. Weir Mitchell, in *Characteristics*, has outlined a segment of human experience which is almost inevitable in the life of any well-poised young physician, to whom it is one of the essentials of his calling that his mind should work apart, in a certain isolation and detachment.

'In early manhood, I was shy, reserved, and self-conscious. . . . About the time I began to like scientific study, I lost for life the sense of ennui which had been one of the peculiarities of my childhood. . . . My long absence abroad enabled me usefully to escape from many of the narrowing associations of my youth, and to enter on life untrammelled. I found, indeed, as I grew older, that the comrades of my youth were no longer such. I had moved away from them; but friendly time brought others whom I learned to love better and with more reason.'

From the beginnings of civilization, physicians have excelled in serious studies. In the generation just past the poets most favoured by them have been those who deal with the ethical and philosophical aspects of life, as Wordsworth, Shelley, Arnold, Clough, Lord Houghton,

FOREWORD

and Emerson. Significant is the frequency of citation from Matthew Arnold in the writings of Sir William Osler himself. Why is Arnold's poetry seldom liked by the average successful man? Palgrave, in his Creweian Oration, has given a reason: '*Sonat amorem, philosophiam, pacem lyra ejus : spem non sonat.*' But a good physician's adjustment to life, cheerful, humorous, friendly, in external relations, austere in the background of his mind, is very like Arnold's own account of the poet's Muse :

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse ! young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside : a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

For various reasons, specifically humorous, religious, or erotic verses are as much out of place in this collection as the bacchanalian or didactic species. Facetious verse is usually trivial enough to wear out its welcome on a second or third reading. Actual collections of such verse are not infrequently tiresome, since the essence of the humorous is, in Stendhal's dictum, *le clarté et l'imprévu*, and we do not get the necessary effect of the unexpected in a deadly collection made of malice aforethought. Devotional poetry, from Crashaw to Christina Rossetti, has its followers, but its appreciation implies an emotional act of faith, and in the expression of such emotions our later poetry is excelled, in simplicity and beauty, by the Psalms or the Latin hymns of the earlier ages of faith, as all sacred poetry is surpassed by sacred music. Even here, the human mind is an unreliable instrument of expression. The childlike Mozart

FOREWORD

succeeded in expressing the emotional content of Christianity in the *Ricordare* and the *Confutatis* of his Requiem, where even the great Beethoven failed in the *Missa Solemnis*.

James Sully, in his *Memories*, has a delightful anecdote. It was his habit, in company with other congenial spirits, to devote his Sundays to walking tours, shepherded by Leslie Stephen. On one occasion the pedestrians were 'pulled up by a gentleman who had the look of a lay preacher'.

He politely addressed one of our group, a mathematician and logician, with the words, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but are you saved?' To which bold inquiry our Tramp replied awkwardly, 'G-God bless my soul, I believe not'. This frankness encouraged the evangelist to add, 'Because, sir, if you are not saved, you will not go to heaven.' This was too much for our logician, who at once made an end of the discussion by declaring that the last remark was 'an identical proposition.'

In erotic, as distinguished from amatory poetry, the ancients have again distanced the moderns. *Epipsychydion*, the Swinburne *Poems and Ballads*, his *Tristram of Lyonesse*, have in them passages of extraordinary beauty, but the total effect is one of unrestrained emotion, and there is truth in Whitman's remark that such poetry rests ultimately upon an hysterical basis. On the terrain within which Sappho and Catullus are supreme, Whitman himself failed from sheer want of taste. Equally ludicrous is the discovery of the fact of sexuality, the sentimental glorification of the criminal and the sexual *soltero*, by our latter-day

FOREWORD

novelists. The Latins and the Slavs handle these themes with more *expertise* than the Anglo-Saxons, and the field may be safely left to them.

The physician's calling makes him a realist. If he is to manage patients afflicted with grave diseases, and, it may be, graver wounds, he must master and school his emotions. He cannot afford to be mastered by them. He, of all men, must avoid what Stuart Mill stigmatizes as 'slovenly habits of thought, and subjection of the mind to fears, wishes, and affectations'. To him, the finer strains of English poetry may afford a lithe, perpetual escape from the ugliness of actual life, which has reached its culmination in the recent European war. The gigantic house-breaking scheme of the Prussian hegemony against the rest of the world, which required, as Kipling says, that we should 'go on passing our children through the fiery furnace to Moloch until Moloch is destroyed', has upset all previous calculations, twisted our standards askew, and turned things topsy-turvy. The European war has not only diminished the power of humanity but, like every other great war, it has left humanity in a sadly distraught and demoralized condition. We can at least learn from it, as Sir Clifford Allbutt said of Byzantium, that 'machinery, when it has served its turn, is not scrapped in due time, but endures to the stifling of young ideas and the bondage of young limbs'. Herein lay the crime of the Prussenthum, that, in support of a mechanical system, it deliberately made war upon the young, not only of Germany,

FOREWORD

but of all the nations engaged. With such machine-made standards we can never see the Universe, as Pascal has described it, 'in the height and fullness of its majesty'.

Before the war, Osler had been one of the great apostles of internationalism, of peace and comity among the nations. When the test came, his service to his country was man-sized and, in the great struggle, he lost his only son. Had he lived to play his part in the great work of reconstruction and reorganization, we may feel sure that he would have insisted that its success will depend upon the attitude of the old toward the young, that the society of the future belongs to the children of the future.

This collection of verse is dedicated to the memory of the great humanist of modern medicine, the friend, inspirer, and encourager of youth, in whom the poet did not die young.

F. H. G.

Our grateful thanks for permission to use poems or extracts from their work are due to Mrs. Granville Barker, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. John Vance Cheney, Mr. Alfred Hayes, Dr. Henry Head, Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Miss Winifred Letts, Mr. John Masefield, Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, Mr. Alfred Noyes, Miss Moira O'Neill, Mr. G. W. Russell, Miss Anne Higginson Spicer, Miss Alma Tadema, Dr. W. S. Thayer, Mr. G. E. Woodberry, Mr. W. B. Yeats.

We have also to thank, for permission to use work of which they control the copyright, or for confirming the author's permission: Messrs. D. Appleton (for a poem by Mr. Grantland Rice); Messrs. William Blackwood (Miss Moira O'Neill and Mr. Alfred Noyes); Messrs. Cassell

FOREWORD

& Co. for Browning's sonnet 'Why am I a Liberal?': Messrs. Chatto & Windus, for the Stevenson poems (and Messrs. Scribner's Sons for the American rights); Mr. W. H. Chesson for Nora Hopper's poems; Messrs. Ellis, for D. G. Rossetti; Messrs. Harcourt, Brace and Howe (Mr. G. E. Woodberry); Mr. William Heinemann (Mr. Edmund Gosse, C. B., Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, A. C. Swinburne, Mr. Arthur Symonds); Mrs. Henley (W. E. Henley); the executors of the late John Kells Ingram; Mr. John Lane (Mr. Maurice Baring, Ernest Dowson); Mr. T. Werner Laurie (Mr. Edgar Lee Masters); Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. (Richard Burton); Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. (W. E. H. Lecky); Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (Mr. G. W. Russell, three poems by Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Stopford Brooke); the Macmillan Company of New York (Mr. Edgar Lee Masters); Messrs. Methuen (Mr. Alfred Hayes); Mr. Langdon E. Mitchell, and the Century Co. (S. Weir Mitchell); Mr. John Murray (Miss Letts, the remaining copyright Browning poems, two extracts from the Brontës); Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons (Mrs. Granville Barker); Ralph Fletcher Seymour & Co. (Miss A. H. Spicer); Mrs. Sharp ('Fiona Macleod'—William Sharp); Mr. Clement Shorter (Dora Sigerson Shorter and two Brontë poems); Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson and the literary executor of Rupert Brooke for his three poems; Mrs. Todhunter (John Todhunter); Mr. Fisher Unwin (Mr. W. B. Yeats).

The copyright poems of Emerson, and those by John Burroughs, R. W. Gilder, John Hay, T. W. Parsons, J. G. Saxe, E. C. Stedman, E. R. Sill, and Bayard Taylor, are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers, to whom our thanks for their generous permission are particularly due.

F. H. G.
C. A. W.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. YOUTH AND MANHOOD	I
II. NATURE	15
III. NYMPHOLEPTOS	41
IV. AMANTIUM IRAE	55
V. HIMEROS	73
VI. MENS SANA	99
VII. IN PRAISE OF WOMEN	115
VIII. APOLLO	135
IX. IN WARTIME	157
X. RECUSANTS AND STANDARD-BEARERS	191
XI. LIBERTY AND THE NATIONS	207
XII. CELTIC	215
XIII. DE AMICITIA	229
XIV. THE UNFORGOTTEN	239
XV. VERITATEM DILEXI	253
XVI. TAEDIUM VITAE	271
XVII. DE SENECTUTE	297
XVIII. DIVINA MORS	313
INDEX OF AUTHORS	335
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	338



I

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

B

O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.

Song from 'Twelfth Night'

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

'It is not growing like a tree'

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

Sonnet

On his having arrived at the Age of Twenty-three

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

JOHN MILTON.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

Carpe Diem

YOUTH, that pursuest with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race :
Then stay ! oh, stay !

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain ;
Loiter,—enjoy :
Once past, Thou never wilt come back again,
A second Boy.

The hills of Manhood wear a noble face,
When seen from far ;
The mist of light from which they take their grace .
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never-green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause, while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain,
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A Man at last.

R. MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

Youth's Agitations

WHEN I shall be divorced, some ten years hence,
From this poor present self which I am now ;
When youth has done its tedious vain expense
Of passions that for ever ebb and flow ;
Shall I not joy youth's heats are left behind,
And breathe more happy in an even clime ?
Ah no ! for then I shall begin to find
A thousand virtues in this hated time.
Then I shall wish its agitations back
And all its thwarting currents of desire ;
Then I shall praise the heat which then I lack,
And call this hurrying fever, generous fire,
And sigh that one thing only has been lent
To youth and age in common—discontent.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Birthdays

'TIME is the stuff of life'—then spend not thy days
while they last
In dreams of an idle future, regrets for a vanished past ;
The tombstones lie thickly behind thee, but the stream
still hurries thee on,
New worlds of thought to be traversed, new fields to be
fought and won.
Let work be thy measure of life—then only the end is
well—
The birthdays we hail so blithely are strokes of the passing
bell.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

The Flight of Youth

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain :
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign :
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain :
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Aladdin

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp ;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain !

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more.
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose ;
You gave, and may snatch again ;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Ad Matrem

IT is not yours, O mother, to complain,
Not, mother, yours to weep,
Though nevermore your son again
Shall to your bosom creep,
Though nevermore again you watch your baby sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth,
Mother and child, no more
We wander ; and no more the birth
Of me whom once you bore
Seems still the brave reward that once it seemed of yore ;

Though as all passes, day and night,
The seasons and the years,
From you, O mother, this delight,
This also disappears—
Some profit yet survives of all your pangs and tears.

AD MATREM

'The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work the almighty will.

So from the hearth the children flee,
By that almighty hand
Austerely led ; so one by sea
Goes forth, and one by land ;
Nor aught of all man's sons escapes from that command.

So from the sally each obeys
The unseen almighty nod ;
So till the ending all their ways
Blindfolded loth have trod ;
Nor knew their task at all, but were the tools of God.

And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade,
Nor wielded in the front of war
The weapons that he made,
But in the tower at home still plied his ringing trade ;

So like a sword the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent ;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the mother well content.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

Life is Struggle

TO wear out heart, and nerves, and brain,
And give oneself a world of pain ;
Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
Imperious, supple—God knows what,
For what 's all one to have or not ;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
For 'tis not joy, it is not gain,
It is not in itself a bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us all alive.

To say we truly feel the pain,
And quite are sinking with the strain ;—
Entirely, simply, undeceived,
Believe, and say we ne'er believed
The object, e'en were it achieved,
A thing we e'er had cared to keep ;
With heart and soul to hold it cheap,
And then to go and try it again ;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
O, 'tis not joy, and 'tis not bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us still alive.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

Early Death and Fame

FOR him who must see many years,
I praise the life which slips away
Out of the light and mutely ; which avoids
Fame, and her less fair followers, envy, strife,
Stupid detraction, jealousy, cabal,
Insincere praises ; which descends
The quiet mossy track to age.

But, when immature death
Beckons too early the guest
From the half-tried banquet of life,
Young, in the bloom of his days ;
Leaves no leisure to press,
Slow and surely, the sweets
Of a tranquil life in the shade ;
Fuller for him be the hours !
Give him emotion, though pain !
Let him live, let him feel : *I have lived !*
Heap up his moments with life,
Triple his pulses with fame !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

Will

○ WELL for him whose will is strong !
He suffers, but he will not suffer long :
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still !
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
'Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
'The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

The Portrait

WITH swift, bold strokes the portrait grows—
Most swiftly at its birth ;
And soon the outlined forms disclose
Its meaning and its worth.

For chiefly in his first designs
The artist's skill is shown ;
Though blending hues and finer lines
Add beauty, force, and tone.

So youth with rapid pencil draws
A life, for good or ill,
And forms its habits and its laws,
The bias of its will.

With changing tints the canvas glows—
Life's fervours soon are past ;
But lines most lightly drawn are those
Which often longest last.

We cannot turn the blotted page
Or cleanse the tainted source :
Youth sows the seed ; we reap in Age
Its honour or remorse.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

YOUTH AND MANHOOD

The Earth and Man

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy ;
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

II
N A T U R E

NATURE

'The world is too much with us'

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Chorus from Aristophanes

O LISTEN to me, and so shall you be stout-hearted
and fresh as a daisy :
Not ready to chatter on every matter, nor bent over books
till you're hazy :
No splitter of straws, no dab at the laws, making black
seem white so cunning ;
But wandering down outside the town, and over the green
meadow running,
Ride, wrestle, and play with your fellows so gay, like
many birds of a feather,
All breathing of youth, good-humour, and truth, in
time of the jolly spring weather,
In the jolly springtime, when the poplar and lime dishe
their tresses together.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

NATURE

A Farm Picture

THROUGH the ample open door of the peaceful
country barn,
A sunlit pasture field with cattle and horses feeding,
And haze and vista, and the far horizon fading away.

WALT WHITMAN.

Smoke

LIGHT-WINGED Smoke, Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest ;
Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts ;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun ;
Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Haze

WOOF of the sun, ethereal gauze,
Woven of Nature's richest stuffs,
Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
Last conquest of the eye ;
Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,
Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
Ethereal estuary, frith of light,

NATURE

Breakers of air, billows of heat,
Fine summer spray on inland seas ;
Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
From heath or stubble rising without song ;
Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Mist

LOW-ANCHORED cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain-head and source of rivers,
Dew cloth, dream drapery,
And napkin spread by fays ;
Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
And in whose fenny labyrinth
The bittern booms and heron wades ;
Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers,
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

The Night-Wind

AYE—there it is ! it wakes to-night
Deep feelings I thought dead ;
Strong in the blast—quick gathering light—
The heart's flame kindles red.

THE NIGHT-WIND

‘ Now I can tell by thine altered cheek,
And by thine eyes’ full gaze,
And by the words thou scarce dost speak,
How wildly fancy plays.

‘ Yes—I could swear that glorious wind
Has swept the world aside,
Has dashed its memory from thy mind
Like foam-bells from the tide :

‘ And thou art now a spirit pouring
Thy presence into all :
The thunder of the tempest’s roaring,
The whisper of its fall :

‘ An universal influence,
From thine own influence free ;
A principle of life—intense—
Lost to mortality.

‘ Thus truly, when that breast is cold,
Thy prisoned soul shall rise ;
The dungeon mingle with the mould—
The captive with the skies.
Nature’s deep being, thine shall hold,
Her spirit all thy spirit fold,
Her breath absorb thy sighs.
Mortal ! though soon life’s tale is told,
Who once lives, never dies ! ’

EMILY BRONTË.

NATURE

Song

BRING from the craggy haunts of birch and pine,
Thou wild wind, bring
Keen forest odours from that realm of thine,
Upon thy wing !

O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind,
Blow through me, blow !
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind,
From long ago.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

Morning-Land

OLD English songs, you bring to me
A simple sweetness somewhat kin
To birds that through the mystery
Of earliest morn made tuneful din,
While hamlet steeples sleepily
At cock-crow chime out three and four,
Till maids get up betime and go,
With faces like the red sun low,
Clattering about the dairy floor.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

'There was a Boy'

THERE was a Boy ; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander !—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake ;

‘THERE WAS A BOY’

And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him.—And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled ; concourse wild
Of jocund din ! And, when there came a pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill :
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents ; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred : the churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school ;
And through that church-yard when my way has led
On summer-evenings, I believe that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NATURE

Self-Dependence

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send :
'Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end.

'Ah, once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew :
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you !'

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer :
'Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

'And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll ;
For alone they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

‘ Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
In what state God’s other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.’

O air-born voice ! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in my own heart I hear.
‘ Resolve to be thyself : and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery ! ’

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To a Skylark

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NATURE

The Snow-Storm

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

NATURE

Among the Rocks

O H, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning ! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth ;

Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true ;

Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.

If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you :

Make the low nature better by your throes !
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above !

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Sea-Limits

C ONSIDER the sea's listless chime :
Time's self it is, made audible—

The murmur of the earth's own shell.

Secret continuance sublime

Is the sea's end : our sight may pass

No furlong further. Since time was,

This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath

The mournfulness of ancient life,

Enduring always at dull strife.

As the world's heart of rest and wrath,

Its painful pulse is in the sands.

Last utterly, the whole sky stands,

Grey and not known, along its path.

NATURE

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods ;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee :
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again,—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips ; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art :
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

'In cabin'd ships, at sea'

I N cabin'd ships, at sea,
The boundless blue on every side expanding,
With whistling winds and music of the waves,—the large
imperious waves.—In such,
Or some lone bark, buoy'd on the dense marine,
Where, joyous, full of faith, spreading white sails,
She cleaves the ether, mid the sparkle and the foam of
day, or under many a star at night,
By sailors young and old, haply will I, a reminiscence of
the land, be read,
In full rapport at last.

‘ IN CABIN’D SHIPS, AT SEA ’

*Here are our thoughts,—voyagers’ thoughts,
Here not the land, firm land, alone appears, may then by
them be said ;
The sky o’erarches here,—we feel the undulating deck beneath
our feet,
We feel the long pulsation—ebb and flow of endless motion ;
The tones of unseen mystery,—the vague and vast suggestions
of the briny world,—the liquid-flowing syllables,
The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the melancholy
rhythm,
The boundless vista, and the horizon far and dim, are all
here,
And this is Ocean’s poem.*

Then falter not, O book ! fulfil your destiny !
You, not a reminiscence of the land alone,
You too, as a lone bark, cleaving the ether—purpos’d
I know not whither—yet ever full of faith,
Consort to every ship that sails,—sail you !
Bear forth to them, folded, my love—(Dear mariners ! for
you I fold it here in every leaf ;)
Speed on, my Book ! spread your white sails, my little
bark, athwart the imperious waves !
Chant on,—sail on,—bear o’er the boundless blue, from me,
to every shore,
This song for mariners and all their ships.

WALT WHITMAN.

NATURE

Child-birth at Sea

THOU god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that
hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep. O! still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes. O! how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida! Lucina, O!
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!

A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NATURE

Sonnet

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson that in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties served in one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity :
Of labour, that in still advance outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting :
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil ;
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

III

NYMPHOLEPTOS

NYMPHOLEPTOS

The way of the boy is the way of the wind,
As light as the leaves is dainty maid-kind ;
 One to deceive,
 And one to believe—
That is the way of it, year to year ;
But I know you will learn it too late, my dear.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

' Kind are her answers '

KIND are her answers,
 But her performance keeps no day ;
Breaks time, as dancers
 From their own music when they stray :
 All her free favours
And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.
O, did ever voice so sweet but only feign ?
 Can true love yield such delay,
 Converting joy to pain ?

 Lost is our freedom
 When we submit to women so :
Why do we need them,
 When, in their best, they work our woe ?
 There is no wisdom
Can alter ends by fate prefixed.
O, why is the good of man with evil mixed ?
 Never were days yet called two,
 But one night went betwixt.

THOMAS CAMPION.

NYMPHOLEPTOS

'There is none, O none but you'

THERE is none, O none but you,
That from me estrange your sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view,
Or chainèd ears hear with delight.

Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces find ;
Such is the effect of Love,
To make them happy that are kin d

Women in frail beauty trust,
Only seem you fair to me ;
Yet prove truly kind and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford me then your sight,
That, surveying all your looks,
Endless volumes I may write
And fill the world with envied books .

Which, when after ages view,
All shall wonder and despair,
Woman, to find man so true,
Or man, a woman half so fair !

THOMAS CAMPION

NYMPHOLEPTOS

Vobiscum est Iope

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move ;
Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me !

THOMAS CAMPION.

'Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart'

WRONG not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty :
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My true, though secret passion ;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

NYMPHOLEPTOS

'Because I breathe not love to every one'

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,—
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them which in their lips Love's standard bear,
What, he! (say they of me) Now I dare swear
He cannot love: no, no, let him alone!
And think so still, so Stella know my mind!
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

*To Anthea, who may command him
Any Thing*

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.
Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee.

NYMPHOLEPTOS

Then O, to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet ;
For all I see
Are naught to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet.

JAMES HOGG.

'When first I saw her'

WHEN first I saw her, at the stroke
The heart of nature in me spoke ;
The very landscape smiled more sweet,
Lit by her eyes, pressed by her feet ;
She made the stars of heaven more bright
By sleeping under them at night ;
And fairer made the flowers of May
By being lovelier than they.

O, soft, soft, where the sunshine spread,
Dark in the grass I laid my head ;
And let the lights of earth depart
To find her image in my heart ;
Then through my being came and went
Tones of some heavenly instrument,
As if where its blind motions roll
This world should wake and be a soul.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

NYMPHOLEPTOS

Song

SHE is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me ;
Oh ! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Song

NAY but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress ?
Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her ?
Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
And this last fairest tress of all,
So fair, see, ere I let it fall ?

Because, you spend your lives in praising ;
To praise, you search the wide world over :
So, why not witness, calmly gazing,
If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her ?
Above this tress, and this I touch
But cannot praise, I love so much !

ROBERT BROWNING.

And as they passed up the slope, still discoursing on life and death, they heard the soft laughter of young men and maidens among the trees, as it always has been, as it always will be, through the brief days of Man's life on earth.

Passi quei colli e vieni allegramente,
Non ti curar di tanta compagnia,
Vieni, pensando a me segretamente,
Ch'io t'accompagna per tutta la via.

NYMPHOLEPTOS

Song

A LAKE and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here !

'Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls !

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power !

THOMAS HOOD.

IV

AMANTIUM IRAE

The souls of women are so small
That some believe they have none at all ;
Or, if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will ;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny :
And though their passion have most power
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To th' absolute will, that with a breath,
Has sovran power of life and death,
And, as its little interests move,
Could turn 'em all to hate or love,
For nothing in a moment turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn ;
And make that love degenerate
To as great extremity of hate ;
And hate again and scorn and piques
To flames and raptures and love tricks.

How stubbornly this fellow answered me !
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in women : all the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtilty in everything,
Which love could never know ; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and smoothest thoughts
And think all shall go so ; it is unjust
That men and women should be matched together.

‘Never love unless you can’

NEVER love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man :
Men sometimes will jealous be
Though but little cause they see ;
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more :
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one :
For what is courtship, but disguise ?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require,
Must awhile themselves retire :
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these, and such like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear.

THOMAS CAMPION.

AMANTIUM IRAE

‘Let me not to the marriage of true minds’

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth ’s unknown, although his height be taken.
Love ’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle’s compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

‘Ah, be not false’

AH, be not false, sweet Splendour !
Be true, be good ;
Be wise as thou art tender ;
Be all that Beauty should.

Not lightly be thy citadel subdued ;
Not ignobly, not untimely.
Take praise in solemn mood ;
Take love sublimely.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

AMANTIUM IRAE

The Hill

BREATHLESS, we flung us on the windy hill,
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.
You said, 'Through glory and ecstasy we pass;
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,
When we are old, are old . . .' 'And when we die
All's over that is ours; and life burns on
Through other lovers, other lips,' said I,
—'Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!'

'We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!' we said;
'We shall go down with unreluctant tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness!' . . . Proud we were,
And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.
—And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

RUPERT BROOKE.

'Justine, you love me not'

'Hélas! vous ne m'aimez pas.'—PIRON

I KNOW, Justine, you speak me fair
As often as we meet;
And 'tis a luxury, I swear,
To hear a voice so sweet;
And yet it does not please me quite,
The civil way you've got;
For me you're something too polite—
Justine, you love me not!

AMANTIUM IRAE

I know, Justine, you never scold
At aught that I may do :
If I am passionate or cold,
"Tis all the same to you.
'A charming temper,' say the men,
'To smooth a husband's lot':
I wish 'twere ruffled now and then—
Justine, you love me not !

I know, Justine, you wear a smile
As beaming as the sun ;
But who supposes all the while
It shines for only one ?
Though azure skies are fair to see,
A transient cloudy spot
In yours would promise more to me—
Justine, you love me not !

I know, Justine, you make my name
Your eulogistic theme,
And say—if any chance to blame—
You hold me in esteem.
Such words, for all their kindly scope,
Delight me not a jot ;
Just as you would have praised the Pope—
Justine, you love me not !

I know, Justine,—for I have heard
What friendly voices tell—
You do not blush to say the word,
'You like me passing well' ;

‘JUSTINE, YOU LOVE ME NOT’

And thus the fatal sound I hear
That seals my lonely lot :
There ’s nothing now to hope or fear—
Justine, you love me not !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

‘Never give all the heart’

NEVER give all the heart, for love
Will hardly seem worth thinking of
To passionate women if it seem
Certain, and they never dream
That it fades out from kiss to kiss ;
For everything that’s lovely is
But a brief, dreamy, kind delight.
Oh ! never give the heart outright
For they, for all smooth lips can say,
Have given their hearts up to the play,
And who can play it well enough
If deaf and dumb and blind with love ?
He that made this knows all the cost,
For he gave all his heart and lost.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Song

OH ! say not woman’s heart is bought
With vain and empty treasure.
Oh ! say not woman’s heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love’s flame, it wanders never ;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves, and loves for ever.

AMANTIUM IRAE

Oh ! say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges !
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah ! no, the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never ;
No second passion e'er can charm,
She loves, and loves for ever.

ISAAC POOCK.

Strangers Yet

STRANGERS yet !

After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands,—
Why thus joined ? Why ever met,
If they must be strangers yet ?

Strangers yet !

After childhood's winning ways,
After care and blame and praise,
Counsel asked and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to Heaven,
Child and parent scarce regret
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet !

After strife for common ends—
After title of 'old friends,'

STRANGERS YET

After passions fierce and tender,
After cheerful self-surrender,
Hearts may beat and eyes be met,
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet !
Oh ! the bitter thought to scan
All the loneliness of man :
Nature, by magnetic laws,
Circle unto circle draws,
But they only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet !
Will it evermore be thus—
Spirits still impervious ?
Shall we never fairly stand
Soul to soul as hand to hand ?
Are the bounds eternal set
To retain us—strangers yet ?

Strangers yet !
Tell not Love it must aspire
Unto something other—higher :
God himself were loved the best
Were our sympathies at rest,
Rest above the strain and fret
Of the world of—strangers yet !
Strangers yet !

R. MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON.

AMANTIUM IRAE

From 'The Heart of Midlothian'

CAULD is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow :
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true-love ! to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow ;
For he for whom I die to-day,
Shall die for me to-morrow.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Youth and Art

IT once might have been, once only :
We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
You thumb'd, thrust, patted and polished,
Then laugh'd 'They will see some day
Smith made, and Gibson demolished.'

My business was song, song, song ;
I chirped, cheeped, trilled, and twittered.
'Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
And Grisi's existence embittered !'

YOUTH AND ART

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster ;
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air, looked out on the tiles,
For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard too ;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm ! It was not my fault
If you never turned your eyes' tail up,
As I shook upon E *in alt*,
Or ran the chromatic scale up :

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
In a pellet of clay and fling it ?
Why did not I put a power
Of thanks in a look, or sing it ?

AMANTIUM IRAE

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
 (And yet the memory rankles)
When models arrived, some minx
 Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good !
 ‘That foreign fellow,—who can know
How she pays, in a playful mood,
 For his tuning her that piano?’

Could you say so, and never say,
 ‘Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
And I fetch her from over the way,
 Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes’?

No, no : you would not be rash,
 Nor I rasher and something over :
You’ve to settle yet Gibson’s hash,
 And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
 I’m queen myself at *bals-paré*,
I’ve married a rich old lord,
 And you’re dubbed knight and an R. A.

Each life’s unfulfilled, you see ;
 It hangs still, patchy and scrappy :
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
 Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
 And people suppose me clever :
This could but have happened once,
 And we missed it, lost it for ever.

ROBERT BROWNING.

AMANTIUM IRAE

Destiny

WHY each is striving, from of old,
To love more deeply than he can?
Still would be true, yet still grows cold?
—Ask of the Powers that sport with man!

They yoked in him, for endless strife,
A heart of ice, a soul of fire;
And hurled him on the Field of Life,
An aimless unallayed Desire.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

'Come not, when I am dead'

COME not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry:
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie:
Go by, go by.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

AMANTIUM IRAE

Song from 'Death's Jest-Book'

IF thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And there alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

AMANTIUM IRAE

A Little While

A LITTLE while a little love
The hour yet bears for thee and me
Who have not drawn the veil to see
If still our heaven be lit above.
Thou merely, at the day's last sigh,
Hast felt thy soul prolong the tone ;
And I have heard the night-wind cry
And deemed its speech mine own.

A little while a little love
The scattering autumn hoards for us
Whose bower is not yet ruinous
Nor quite unleaved our songless grove.
Only across the shaken boughs
We hear the flood-tides seek the sea,
And deep in both our hearts they rouse
One wail for thee and me.

A little while a little love
May yet be ours who have not said
The word it makes our eyes afraid
To know that each is thinking of.
Not yet the end : be our lips dumb
In smiles a little season yet :
I'll tell thee, when the end is come,
How we may best forget.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

AMANTIUM IRAE

An Old Song ended

*'HOW should I your true love know
From another one?'*

*'By his cockle-hat and staff
And his sandal-shoon.'*

*'And what signs have told you now
That he hastens home?'*

*'Lo! the spring is nearly gone,
He is nearly come.'*

*'For a token is there nought,
Say, that he should bring?'*

*'He will bear a ring I gave
And another ring.'*

*'How may I, when he shall ask,
Tell him who lies there?'*

*'Nay, but leave my face unveiled
And unbound my hair!'*

*'Can you say to me some word
I shall say to him?'*

*'Say I'm looking in his eyes
Though my eyes are dim.'*

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

AMANTIUM IRAE

'In the days of old'

IN the days of old,
Lovers felt true passion,
Deeming years of sorrow
By a smile repaid.
Now the charms of gold,
Spells of pride and fashion,
Bid them say good morrow
To the best-loved maid.

Through the forests wild,
O'er the mountains lonely,
They were never weary
Honour to pursue :
If the damsel smiled
Once in seven years only,
All their wanderings dreary
Ample guerdon knew.

Now one day's caprice
Weighs down years of smiling,
Youthful hearts are rovers,
Love is bought and sold :
Fortune's gifts may cease,
Love is less beguiling ;
Wiser were the lovers
In the days of old.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

AMANTIUM IRAE

A Woman's Last Word

LET'S contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep :
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep !

What so wild as words are ?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough !

See the creature stalking
While we speak !
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek.

What so false as truth is,
False to thee ?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree—

Where the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I !

Be a god and hold me
With a charm !
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm !

Teach me, only teach, Love !
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.
That shall be to-morrow,
Not to-night ;
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight :
—Must a little weep, Love,
(Foolish me !)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Song

COME, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet ;
We'll tie the knot so very fast
That time shall ne'er untie it.
The truest joys they never prove,
Who free from quarrels live ;
'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive.
When least I seemed concerned I took
No pleasure, nor had rest ;
And when I feigned an angry look,
Alas ! I loved you best.
Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate ;
O to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

JOHN SHEFFIELD.



V

H I M E R O S

And they dreamed, that if Providence had so willed, their
lives might have been filled with Love alone ; something as
bright, as radiant, as sublime, as the twinkling of the stars !

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess :
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate,
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to Earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to Heaven but Love.

'Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night'

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish and restore the light ;
With dark forgetting of my care return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth :
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow ;
Never let rising sun approve you liars
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow :
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Sleep, Silence' child

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppressed ;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possessed,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou sparest, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show ;
With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

HIMEROS

Sonnet

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in characterly,
Hold like rich garnerers the full-ripened grain ;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love ;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

JOHN KEATS.

Lovesight

WHEN do I see thee most, beloved one ?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known ?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own ?

LOVESIGHT

O love, my love ! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
'The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

A Serenade at the Villa

THAT was I, you heard last night
When there rose no moon at all,
Nor, to pierce the strained and tight
Tent of heaven, a planet small :
Life was dead, and so was light.

Not a twinkle from the fly,
Not a glimmer from the worm ;
When the crickets stopped their cry,
When the owls forbore a term,
You heard music ; that was I.

Earth turned in her sleep with pain,
Sultrily suspired for proof :
In at heaven and out again,
Lightning !—where it broke the roof,
Bloodlike, some few drops of rain.

What they could my words expressed,
O my love, my all, my one !
Singing helped the verses best,
And when singing's best was done,
To my lute I left the rest.

HIMEROS

So wore night ; the East was gray,
White the broad-faced hemlock-flowers
There would be another day ;
Ere its first of heavy hours
Found me, I had passed away.

What became of all the hopes,
Words and song and lute as well ?
Say, this struck you—‘ When life gropes
Feebly for the path where fell
Light last on the evening slopes,

‘ One friend in that path shall be,
To secure my steps from wrong ;
One to count night day for me,
Patient through the watches long,
Serving most with none to see.’

Never say—as something bodes—
‘ So, the worst has yet a worse !
When life halts ’neath double loads,
Better the task-master’s curse
Than such music on the roads !

‘ When no moon succeeds the sun,
Nor can pierce the midnight’s tent
Any star, the smallest one,
While some drops, where lightning went,
Show the final storm begun—

‘ When the fire-fly hides its spot,
When the garden-voices fail
In the darkness thick and hot,—
Shall another voice avail,
That shape be where these are not ?

A SERENADE AT THE VILLA

‘Has some plague a longer lease,
Proffering its help uncouth?
Can’t one even die in peace?
As one shuts one’s eyes on youth,
Is that face the last one sees?’

Oh, how dark your villa was,
Windows fast and obdurate!
How the garden grudged me grass
Where I stood—the iron gate
Ground its teeth to let me pass!

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Visionary

SILENT is the house : all are laid asleep :
One alone looks out o’er the snow-wreaths deep,
Watching every cloud, dreading every breeze
That whirls the wildering drift, and bends the groaning
trees.

Cheerful is the hearth, soft the matted floor ;
Not one shivering gust creeps through pane or door ;
The little lamp burns straight, its rays shoot strong and far :
I trim it well, to be the wanderer’s guiding-star.

Frown, my haughty sire ! chide, my angry dame ;
Set your slaves to spy ; threaten me with shame ;
But neither sire nor dame, nor prying serf shall know,
What angel nightly tracks that waste of frozen snow.

What I love shall come like visitant of air,
Safe in secret power from lurking human snare ;
What loves me, no word of mine shall e’er betray ;
Though for faith unstained my life must forfeit pay.

HIMEROS

Burn, then, little lamp ; glimmer straight and clear—
Hush ! a rustling wing stirs, methinks, the air :
He for whom I wait, thus ever comes to me ;
Strange Power ! I trust thy might ; trust thou my constancy !

EMILY BRONTË.

From 'The Prisoner'

‘ **S**TILL let my tyrants know, I am not doomed to wear
Year after year in gloom, and desolate despair ;
A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

‘ He comes with western winds, with evening’s wandering
airs,
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest
stars.
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

‘ Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,
When joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears,
When, if my spirit’s sky was full of flashes warm,
I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunderstorm.

‘ But, first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends ;
The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends ;
Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered harmony,
That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

FROM 'THE PRISONER'

'Then dawns the Invisible ; the Unseen its truth reveals ;
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels :
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found,
Measuring the gulf, it stoops and dares the final bound.

'Oh ! dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see ;
When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again ;
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

'Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less ;
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless ;
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,
If it but herald death, the vision is divine !'

She ceased to speak, and we, unanswering, turned to go—
We had no further power to work the captive woe :
Her cheek, her gleaming eye, declared that man had given
A sentence, unapproved, and overruled by Heaven.

EMILY BRONTË.

The Buried Life

LIGHT flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, with tears my eyes are wet.

I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.

Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile ;
But there's a something in this breast
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.

Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul.

HIMEROS

Alas, is even Love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak ?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel ?
I knew the mass of men concealed
Their thoughts, for fear that if revealed
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved ;
I knew they lived and moved
Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves—and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast.

But we, my love—does a like spell benumb
Our hearts—our voices ?—must we too be dumb ?

Ah, well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free
Our heart, and have our lips unchained :
For that which seals them hath been deep ordained.

Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be,
By what distractions he would be possessed,
How he would pour himself in every strife,
And well-nigh change his own identity ;
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey,
Even in his own despite, his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded River of our Life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way ;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be

THE BURIED LIFE

Eddying about in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life,
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course ;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart that beats
So wild, so deep in us, to know
Whence our thoughts come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines ;
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown on each talent and power,
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves ;
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on for ever unexpressed.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true :
And then we will no more be racked
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power ;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call ;
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,

HIMEROS

Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only—but this is rare—
When a belovèd hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed,—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again :
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we
know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast,
And then he thinks he knows
The Hills where his life rose,
And the Sea where it goes.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HIMEROS

One Way of Love

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside ? Alas !
Let them lie. Suppose they die ?
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute !
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music ? So !
Break the string ; fold music's wing :
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing !

My whole life long I learned to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion.—Heaven or hell ?
She will not give me heaven ? 'Tis well !
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they !

ROBERT BROWNING.

To Marguerite

YES: in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

HIMEROS

But when the moon their hollows lights
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing ;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour ;

Oh then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent ;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent.
Now round us spreads the watery plain—
Oh might our marges meet again !

Who ordered, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cooled ?
Who renders vain their deep desire ?—

A God, a God their severance ruled ;
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Life in a Love

ESCAPE me ?
Never—

Beloved !

While I am I, and you are you,
So long as the world contains us both,
Me the loving and you the loth,
While the one eludes, must the other pursue.
My life is a fault at last, I fear :
It seems too much like a fate, indeed !
Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed.

LIFE IN A LOVE

But what if I fail of my purpose here ?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up and begin again,—
So the chase takes up one's life, that 's all.
While, look but once from your farthest bound
At me so deep in the dust and dark,
No sooner the old hope drops to ground
Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark,
I shape me—
Ever
Removed !

ROBERT BROWNING.

Lucy

I

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

HIMEROS

‘She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

‘The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

‘The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

‘And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.’

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

LUCY

II

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears ;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

III

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HIMEROS

Rose Aylmer

AH, what avails the sceptred race !

Ah, what the form divine !

What every virtue, every grace !

Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes

May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and of sighs

I consecrate to thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

'O that 'twere Possible'

O THAT 'twere possible

After long grief and pain

To find the arms of my true love

Round me once again !

When I was wont to meet her

In the silent woody places

By the home that gave me birth,

We stood tranced in long embraces

Mixed with kisses sweeter sweeter

Than any thing on earth.

A shadow flits before me,

Not thou, but like to thee ;

‘O THAT ’TWERE POSSIBLE’

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies :
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

’Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendour falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls ;
’Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet ;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings ;
In a moment we shall meet ;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

HIMEROS

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye ?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd ;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled ;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold !

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about !
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapours choke
The great city sounding wide ;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame ;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same ;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

‘O THAT ’TWERE POSSIBLE

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say, ‘forgive the wrong’,
Or to ask her, ‘take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest’?

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be ;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me :
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HIMEROS

The little hand is knocking patiently ;
I listen, dumb with pain.
' Wilt thou not open any more to me ?
I have come back again.'

' I will not open any more. Depart.
I, that once lived, am dead.'
The hand that had been knocking at my heart
Was still. ' And I ? ' she said.

There is no sound, save, in the winter air,
The sound of wind and rain.
All that I loved in all the world stands there,
And will not knock again.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

'When you are old'

WHEN you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true ;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

VI

M E N S S A N A

Well and wisely said the Greek,
Be thou faithful, but not fond;
To the altar's foot thy fellow seek,
The Furies wait beyond.

For the most part, they have much better fortune in love whose hopes are built upon something in their person, than those who trust to their expression and service, and they that care less than they that care more; which not perceiving, many men cast away their services, as one arrow after another till, in the end, together with their hopes, they lose their wits.

From 'The Bride of Lammermoor'

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,
Sit thou still when kings are arming,
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,
Speak not when the people listens,
Stop thine ear against the singer,
From the red gold keep thy finger ;
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Eros

THEY put their finger on their lip,
The Powers above ;
The seas their islands clip,
The moons in ocean dip,
They love, but name not love.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Happiest Heart

WHO drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day ;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.
The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown ;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

MENS SANA

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Destiny

THAT you are fair or wise is vain,
Or strong, or rich, or generous ;
You must have also the untaught strain
That sheds beauty on the rose.
There 's a melody born of melody,
Which melts the world into a sea.
Toil could never compass it ;
Art its height could never hit ;
It came never out of wit ;
But a music music-born
Well may Jove and Juno scorn.
Thy beauty, if it lack the fire
Which drives me mad with sweet desire,
What boots it? What the soldier's mail,
Unless he conquer and prevail ?
What all the goods thy pride which lift,
If thou pine for another's gift ?
Alas ! that one is born in blight,
Victim of perpetual slight :
When thou lookest on his face,
Thy heart saith, ' Brother, go thy ways !
None shall ask thee what thou doest,
Or care a rush for what thou knowest,

DESTINY

Or listen when thou repliest,
Or remember where thou liest,
Or how thy supper is sodden ;'
And another is born
To make the sun forgotten.
Surely he carries a talisman
Under his tongue ;
Broad his shoulders are and strong ;
And his eye is scornful,
Threatening, and young.
I hold it of little matter
Whether your jewel be of pure water,
A rose diamond or a white,
But whether it dazzle me with light.
I care not how you are dressed,
In coarsest weeds or in the best ;
Nor whether your name is base or brave ;
Nor for the fashion of your behaviour :
But whether you charm me,
Bid my bread feed and my fire warm me,
And dress up Nature in your favour.
One thing is forever good ;
That one thing is Success,—
Dear to the Eumenides,
And to all the heavenly brood.
Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,
Carries the eagles, and masters the sword.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MENS SANA

'My dear and only love, I pray'

MY dear and only love, I pray
That noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy ;
For if confusion have a part
(Which virtuous souls abhor),
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne :
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shunn'st the prize so sore
As that thou sett'st me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part
And dares to vie with me,

‘MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE, I PRAY’

Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant, then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword ;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Were never heard before :
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUESS OF MONTROSE.

‘I will make you brooches’¹

I WILL make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear !
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

¹ Copyright in the United States by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MENS SANA

To Rhea

THEE, dear friend, a brother soothes,
Not with flatteries, but truths,
Which tarnish not, but purify
'To light which dims the morning's eye.
I have come from the spring-woods,
From the fragrant solitudes ; —
Listen what the poplar-tree
And murmuring waters counselled me.

If with love thy heart has burned ;
If thy love is unreturned ;
Hide thy grief within thy breast,
Though it tear thee unexpressed ;
For when love has once departed
From the eyes of the false-hearted,
And one by one has torn off quite
The bandages of purple light ;
Though thou wert the loveliest
Form the soul had ever dressed,
Thou shalt seem, in each reply,
A vixen to his altered eye ;
Thy softest pleadings seem too bold,
Thy praying lute will seem to scold ;
Though thou kept the straightest road,
Yet thou errest far and broad.

But thou shalt do as do the gods
In their cloudless periods ;
For of this lore be thou sure, —
Though thou forget, the gods, secure,

TO RHEA

Forget never their command,
But make the statute of this land.
As they lead, so follow all,
Ever have done, ever shall.
Warning to the blind and deaf,
'Tis written on the iron leaf,
Who drinks of Cupid's nectar cup
Loveth downward, and not up ;
Therefore, who loves, of gods or men,
Shall not by the same be loved again
His sweetheart's idolatry
Falls, in turn, a new degree.
When a god is once beguiled
By beauty of a mortal child,
And by her radiant youth delighted,
He is not fooled, but warily knoweth
His love shall never be requited.
And thus the wise Immortal doeth.—
'Tis his study and delight
To bless that creature day and night ;
From all evils to defend her ;
In her lap to pour all splendour ;
To ransack earth for riches rare,
And fetch her stars to deck her hair ;
He mixes music with her thoughts,
And saddens her with heavenly doubts ;
All grace, all good his great heart knows
Profuse in love, the king bestows :
Saying, ' Hearken ! Earth, Sea, Air !
This monument of my despair
Build I to the All-good, All-fair.
Not for a private good,
But I, from my beatitude,

MENS SANA

Albeit scorned as none was scorned,
Adorn her as was none adorned.
I make this maiden an ensample
To Nature, through her kingdoms ample,
Whereby to model newer races,
Statelier forms, and fairer faces ;
To carry man to new degrees
Of power, and of comeliness,
These presents be the hostages
Which I pawn for my release.
See to thyself, O Universe !
Thou art better, and not worse ! '—
And the god, having given all,
Is freed forever from his thrall.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Touch-stone

A FOOL and knave with different views
For Julia's hand apply ;
The knave to mend his fortune sues,
The fool to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave,
Depend on't for a rule,—
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
If she's a knave, the fool.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

MENS SANA

Indifference

I MUST not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair.
And they that lovely face who view,
They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
Wounded by men, by Fortune tried,
Outwearied with their lonely parts,
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear;
Their lot was but to weep and moan.
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant breath
Has charmed at birth from gloom and care,
These ask no love—these plight no faith,
For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make,
And garlands for their forehead weave.
And what the world can give, they take:
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world; their ears
To one demand alone are coy.
They will not give us love and tears—
They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

It was not love that heaved thy breast,
Fair child! it was the bliss within.
Adieu! and say that one, at least,
Was just to what he did not win.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MENS SANA

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread-and-butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

First Love Remembered

PEACE in her chamber, wheresoe'er
It be, a holy place :
The thought still brings my soul such grace
As morning meadows wear.

Whether it still be small and light,
A maid's who dreams alone,
As from her orchard-gate the moon
Its ceiling showed at night :

Or whether, in a shadow dense
As nuptial hymns invoke,
Innocent maidenhood awoke
To married innocence :

There still the thanks unheard await
The unconscious gift bequeathed ;
For there my soul this hour has breathed
An air inviolate.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

MENS SANA

‘ Through the long days and years ’

THROUGH the long days and years
What will my loved one be,
Parted from me ?
Through the long days and years.

Always as then she was,
Loveliest, brightest, best,
Blessing and blest,—
Always as then she was.

Never on earth again
Shall I before her stand,
Touch lip or hand,—
Never on earth again.

But while my darling lives,
Peaceful I journey on,
Not quite alone,
Not while my darling lives.

JOHN HAY.

VII

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

Sei tanta graziosa e tanta bella,
Che chi ti mira e non ti don' il cuore
O non è vivo o non conosce amore.

I saw the Sibyl at Cumae,
(One said) with mine own eye.
She hung in a cage and read her rune
To all the passers by.
Said the boys, 'What wouldst thou Sibyl?'
She answered, 'I would die !'

The melodious character of the earth,
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go, and
does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men.

A Budget of Paradoxes

CHILD in thy beauty : empress in thy pride !
Sweet and unyielding as the summer's tide ;
Starlike to tremble, starlike to abide.

Guiltless of wounding, yet more true than steel ;
Gem-like thy light to flash and to conceal ;
Tortoise to bear ; insect to see and feel.

Blushing and shy, yet dread we thy disdain ;
Smiling, a sunbeam fraught with hints of rain ;
Trilling love-notes to freedom's fierce refrain.

The days are fresh, the hours are wild and sweet,
When spring and winter, dawn and darkness meet ;
Nymph, with one welcome, thee and these we greet.

JOHN MARTLEY.

On a Certain Lady at Court

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon
(Envy, be silent and attend) ;

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumour ;
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly ;
An equal mixture of good humour
And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she no faults then,' Envy says, 'Sir ?'

Yes, she has one, I must aver ;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear !

ALEXANDER POPE.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet

AS I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Solitary Reaper

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

Stepping Westward

'*WHAT*, you are stepping westward?'—'Yea'
—'Twould be a *wildish* destiny,

If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny:
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake:
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy:
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

Hester

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call :—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was trained in Nature's school,
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

On his Deceased Wife

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd; yet to my fancied sight;
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

JOHN MILTON.

Mary Booth

WHAT shall we do now, Mary being dead,
Or say or write that shall express the half?
What can we do but pillow that fair head,
And let the Spring-time write her epitaph?—

MARY BOOTH

As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,
Wind-flower, and columbine, and maiden's tear ;
Each letter of that pretty alphabet,
That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love ;
She was a woman for a husband's life ;
One that has learned to value, far above
The name of love, the sacred name of wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,
Had all there is of life, except gray hairs,—
Hope, love, trust, passion and devotion deep ;
And that mysterious tie a Mother bears.

She hath fulfilled her promise and hath passed :
Set her down gently at the iron door !
Eyes look on that loved image for the last :
Now cover it in earth,—her earth no more.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

A Woman's Portrait

SHE was fair, but not so fair
That others were not lovelier there ;
Hers was not the fleeting power
Of a brief impassioned hour,
But the charm that grows more dear
With each slow revolving year.
In her eye of cloudless blue,
In her smile so sweet and true,
You might read a spirit made
For the sunshine and the shade ;

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

Keen alike in work and pleasure,
Yet with self-control and measure ;
Brave and buoyant, wise and gay,
On the smooth or rugged way ;
'Tis the type that wears the best,
Made for sympathy and rest.

Pinings for unreal things,
Morbid doubts and questionings,
All the weakness and the pain
Of the fever-stricken brain,
Turning from the things we see
To the things that cannot be,
Vanished in the healthy hue
Which around my path she threw,
And the sting of settled care
Passed away when she was there ;
For my life grew strong and brave
With the courage that she gave,
And the night at last has flown ;
Hers the praise, and hers alone.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

To . . .

'TWAS not alone thy beauty's power
That made thee dear to me ;
The quiet of the sunset hour
Most truly mirrored thee.

'TWAS thine to shed a soothing balm
On doubt and grief and strife,
And make a bright and holy calm
The atmosphere of life.

TO . .

Thy touch of sympathy could find
To frozen hearts the key,
The darkened and the arid mind
Gave light and fruit for thee.

Ah ! many a flower unnoticed springs
On life's most trodden ways,
And common lives and common things
Grew nobler in thy praise.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

'She was a phantom of delight'

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To a Highland Girl

(At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these grey rocks ; that household lawn :
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay ; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream :
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
But, O fair creature ! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

I bless thee, vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart,
God shield thee to thy latest years !
Thee neither know I, nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away :
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence,
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness :
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer :
A face with gladness overspread !
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,—
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful ?

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell :
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea ; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee !

Now thanks to heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then, why should I be loth to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her :
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And thee, the spirit of them all !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

The Solitary-Hearted

SHE was a queen of noble Nature's crowning,
A smile of hers was like an act of grace ;
She had no winsome looks, no pretty frowning,
Like daily beauties of the vulgar race :
But if she smiled, 'a light was on her face,
A clear, cool kindness, a lunar beam
Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the stream
Of human thought with unabiding glory ;
Not quite a waking truth, not quite a dream,
A visitation, bright and transitory.

But she is changed, —hath felt the touch of sorrow,
No love hath she, no understanding friend ;
O grief ! when heaven is forced of earth to borrow
What the poor niggard earth has not to lend ;
But when the stalk is snapped, the rose must bend.
The tallest flower that skyward rears its head
Grows from the common ground, and there must shed
Its delicate petals. Cruel fate, too surely,
That they should find so base a bridal bed,
Who lived in virgin pride, so sweet and purely.

She had a brother, and a tender father,
And she was loved, but not as others are
From whom we ask return of love,—but rather
As one might love a dream ; a phantom fair
Of something exquisitely strange and rare,
Which all were glad to look on, men and maids,

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

Yet no one claimed—as oft, in dewy glades,
The peering primrose, like a sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul, yet unregarded fades ;
The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness.

'Tis vain to say—her worst of grief is only
The common lot, which all the world have known ;
To her 'tis more, because her heart is lonely,
And yet she hath no strength to stand alone,—
Once she had playmates, fancies of her own,
And she did love them. They are passed away
As fairies vanish at the break of day ;
And like a sceptre of an age departed,
Or unsphered angel wofully astray,
She glides along—the solitary-hearted.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Of Those who Walk Alone

WOMEN there are on earth, most sweet and high,
Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
Loving it only.

And so they never see beside them grow
Children, whose coming is like breath of flowers ;
Consoled by subtler loves the angels know
Through childless hours.

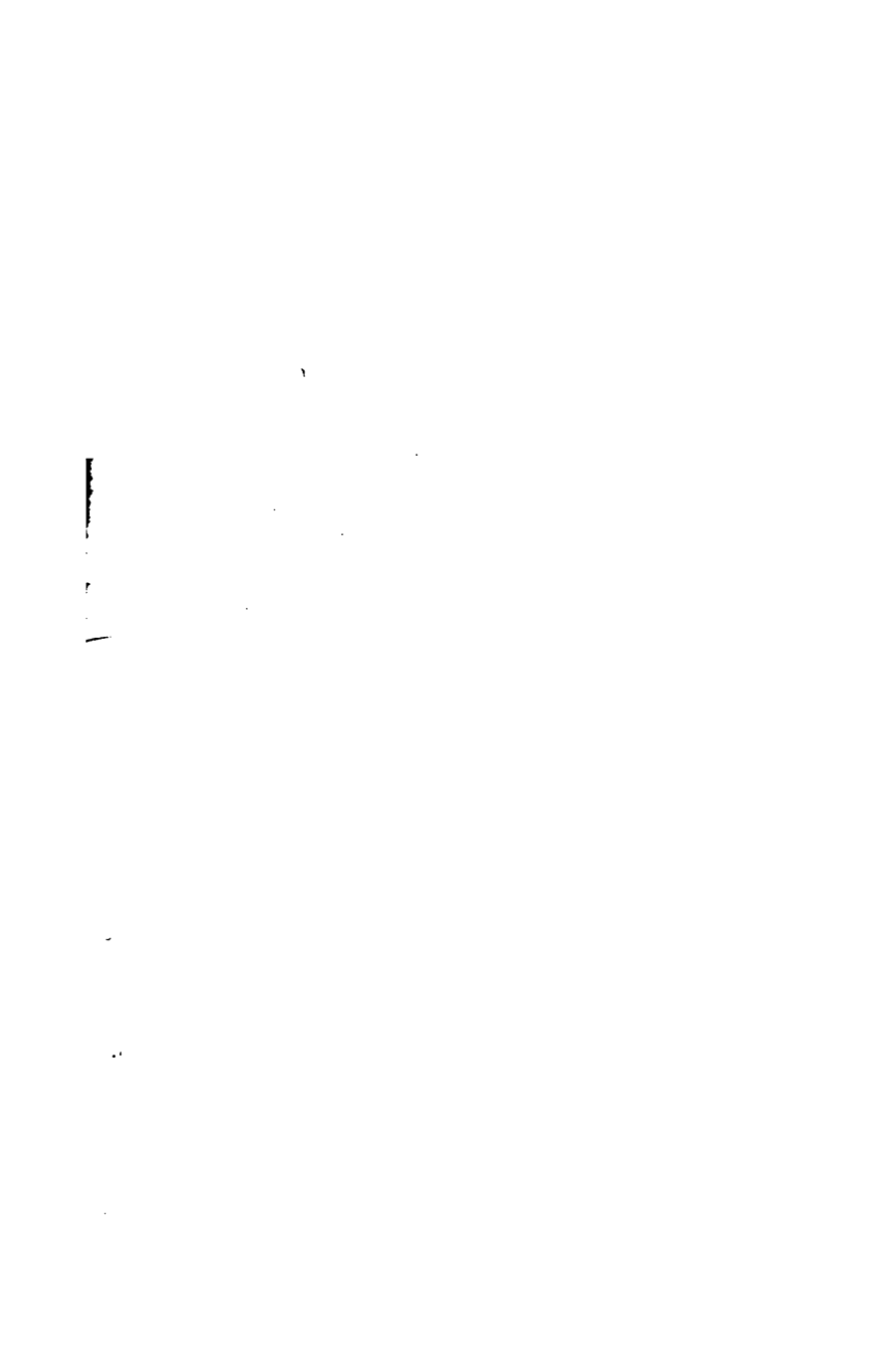
Good deeds they do : they comfort and they bless
In duties others put off till the morrow ;
Their look is balm, their touch is tenderness
To all in sorrow.

OF THOSE WHO WALK ALONE

Betimes the world smiles at them, as 'twere shame,
This maiden guise, long after youth's departed ;
But in God's Book they bear another name—
 'The faithful-hearted.'

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls, in sooth, illumine with lustre splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the Vision saith,
 Earth's wrongs are ended.

RICHARD BURTON.



VIII

A P O L L O

Derrière les ennuis et les vastes chagrins
Qui chargent de leurs poids l'existence brumeuse.
Heureux celui qui peut d'une aile vigoureuse
S'élançer vers les champs lumineux et sereins !

Celui dont les penses, comme des alouettes,
Vers les cieux le matin prennent un libre essor,
—Qui plane sur la vie et comprend sans effort
Le langage des fleurs et des choses muettes.

When the sword glitters o'er the judge's head,
And fear has cowed churchmen silenced,
Then is the poet's time; 'tis then he draws
And single fights forsaken virtue's cause :
Sings still of ancient rights and better times,
Seeks suffering good, arraigns successful crimes.

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
Shine, Poet, in thy place, and be content !
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,
(Visible though they be to half the Earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)
Are yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
Of some dark mountain ; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.

Hymn of Apollo

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
 Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—
Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
 I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam ;
 My footsteps pave the clouds with fire ; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
 Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day .
All men who do or even imagine ill
 Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of Night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers,
 With their aethereal colours ; the moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
 Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

APOLLO

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown :
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle ?

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine ;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine is mine,
All light of art or nature ;—to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Visit of the Gods

(Imitated from Schiller)

NEVER, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone :

Scarce had I welcomed the Sorrow-beguiler,
Iacchus ! but in came Boy Cupid the Smiler ;
Lo ! Phoebus the Glorious descends from his throne !
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all !

With Divinities fills my
Terrestrial hall !

How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial quire ?

Me rather, bright guests ! with your wings of upbuoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,

THE VISIT OF THE GODS

That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!
Hah! we mount! on their pinions they waft up my soul
O give me the nectar!
O fill me the bowl!

Give him the nectar!
Pour out for the poet,
Hebe! pour free!
Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! Io Paean, I cry!
The wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Revival

So I went wrong,
Grievously wrong, but folly crushed itself,
And vanity o'ertoppling fell, and time
And healthy discipline and some neglect,
Labour and solitary hours revived
Somewhat, at least, of that original frame.
Oh, well do I remember then the days
When on some grassy slope (what time the sun
Was sinking, and the solemn eve came down
With its blue vapour upon field and wood
And elm-embosomed spire) once more again
I fed on sweet emotion, and my heart
With love o'erflowed, or hushed itself in fear

APOLLO

Unearthly, yea celestial. Once again
My heart was hot within me, and meseemed,
I too had in my body breath to wind
The magic horn of song; I too possessed
Up-welling in my being's depths a fount
Of the true poet-nectar whence to fill
The golden urns of verse.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Apollo

VAINLY, O burning Poets !
Ye wait for his inspiration,
Even as kings of old
Stood by the oracle-gates.
Hasten back, he will say, *hasten back*
To your provinces far away !
There, at my own good time,
Will I send my answer to you.
Are ye not kings of song ?
At last the god cometh !—
The air runs over with splendour :
The fire leaps high on the altar ;
Melodious thunders shake the ground.
Hark to the Delphic responses !
Hark ! it is the god !

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

APOLLO

A Musical Instrument

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river :
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river ;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
(How tall it stood in the river !),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

APOLLO

‘This is the way,’ laughed the great god Pan
 (Laughed while he sat by the river),
‘The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.’
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
 Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

On a Portrait of Dante by Giotto

CAN this be thou who, lean and pale,
 With such immitigable eye
Didst look upon those writhing souls in bale,
 And note each vengeance, and pass by
Unmoved, save when thy heart by chance
Cast backward one forbidden glance,
 And saw Francesca, with child’s glee,
 Subdue and mount thy wild-horse knee
And with proud hands control its fiery prance?

ON A PORTRAIT OF DANTE BY GIOTTO

With half-drooped lids, and smooth, round brow,
And eye remote, that inly sees
Fair Beatrice's spirit wandering now
In some sea-lulled Hesperides,
Thou movest through the jarring street,
Secluded from the noise of feet
By her gift-blossom in thy hand,
Thy branch of palm from Holy Land ;—
No trace is here of ruin's fiery sleet.

Yet there is something round thy lips
That prophesies the coming doom,
The soft, gray herald-shadow ere the eclipse
Notches the perfect disk with gloom ;
A something that would banish thee,
And thine untamed pursuer be,
From men and their unworthy fates,
Though Florence had not shut her gates,
And Grief had loosed her clutch and let thee free.

Ah ! he who follows fearlessly
The beckonings of a poet-heart
Shall wander, and without the world's decree,
A banished man in field and mart ;
Harder than Florence' walls the bar
Which with deaf sternness holds him far
From home and friends, till death's release,
And makes his only prayer for peace,
Like thine, scarred veteran of a lifelong war !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

APOLLO

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet W. Shakespeare

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to th'shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

Shakespeare

OTHERS abide our question. 'Thou art free.
We ask and ask : Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality :

SHAKESPEARE

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Marlowe

NEXT Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had ; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear ;
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

London, 1802

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee ; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

APOLLO

Alcaics

O MIGHTY-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages ;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrëan
Rings to the roar of an angel onset—
Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods
Whisper in odorous heights of even.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

September 1819

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of spring ;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

SEPTEMBER 1819

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays !
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
'Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough :—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow !

Yet will I temperately rejoice :
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes ;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile ;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn :
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn !

APOLLO

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcaeus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong ;
Woe ! woe to Tyrants ! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit ;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion swayed
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture ! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy ; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust :
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold ?
Can haughty Time be just ?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

APOLLO

On Sunium's Height

WEARERS of rings and chains,
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right.
In vain my faults ye quote :
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's height.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Memorabilia

AH, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again ?
How strange it seems, and new !

But you were living before that,
And you are living after,
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter !

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about :

For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather—
Well, I forget the rest.

ROBERT BROWNING.

APOLLO

Ode on a Grecian Urn

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
What men or gods are these ? What maidens loth ?
What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
What pipes and timbrels ! What wild ecstasy ?
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !
Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed ?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral !
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS.

Ode on a Lycian Tomb

WHAT a gracious nunnery of grief is here !
One woman garbed in sorrow's every mood ;
Each sad presentment celled apart, in fear
Lest that herself upon herself intrude
And break some tender dream of sorrow's day,
Here cloistered lonely, set in marble gray.

APOLLO

Oh, pale procession of immortal love
Forever married to immortal grief !
All life's high-passioned sorrow far above,
Past help of time's compassionate relief :
These changeless stones are treasuries of regret
And mock the term by time for sorrow set.

Ah me ! What tired hearts have hither come
To weep with thee, and give thy grief a voice ;
And such as have not added to life's sum
The count of loss, they who do still rejoice
In love which time yet leaveth unassailed,
Here tremble, by prophetic sadness paled.

Thou who hast wept for many, weep for me,
For surely I, who deepest grief have known,
Share thy stilled sadness, which must ever be
Too changeless, and unending like my own,
Since thine is woe that knows not time's release,
And sorrow that can never compass peace.

He too who wrought this antique poetry,
Which wakes sad rhythms in the human heart,
Must oft with thee have wondered silently,
Touched by the strange revealments of his art,
When at his side you watched the chisel's grace
Foretell what time would carve upon thy face.

If to thy yearning silence, which in vain
Suggests its speechless plea in marbles old,
We add the anguish of an equal pain,
Shall not the sorrow of these statues cold
Inherit memories of our tears, and keep
Record of grief long time in death asleep ?

ODE ON A LYCIAN TOMB

Ah me ! In death asleep ; how pitiful,
If in that timeless time the soul should wake
To wander heart-blind where no years may dull
Remembrance, with a heart forbid to break.
—Dove of my home, that fled life's stranded ark,
The sea of death is shelterless and dark.—

Cold mourner set in stone so long ago,
Too much my thoughts have dwelt with thee apart ;
Again my grief is young ; full well I know
The pang re-born, that mocked my feeble art
With that too human wail in pain expressed,
The parent cry above the empty nest !

Come back, I cried. ' I may not come again.
Not islandless is this uncharted sea ;
Here is no death, nor any creature's pain,
Nor any terror of what is to be,
'Tis but to trust one pilot ; soon are seen
The sunlit peaks of thought and peace serene.'

II

Fair worshipper of many gods, whom I
In one God worship, very surely He
Will for thy tears and mine have some reply,
When death assumes the trust of life, and we
Hear once again the voices of our dead,
And on a newer earth contented tread.

Doubtless for thee thy Lycian fields were sweet,
'Thy dream of heaven no wiser than my own ;
Nature and love, the sound of children's feet,
Home, husband, friends ; what better hast thou known ?
What of the gods could ask thy longing prayer
Except again this earth and love to share ?

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the human brain. It is shown that the brain is a complex system of interconnected parts, each of which has its own function. The author discusses the role of the different parts of the brain in the process of thinking and the way in which they are connected together.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the role of the brain in the process of learning. It is shown that the brain is a plastic organ, capable of changing its structure and function in response to the environment. The author discusses the way in which the brain adapts to new situations and the role of the different parts of the brain in the process of learning.

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the role of the brain in the process of memory. It is shown that the brain is a complex system of interconnected parts, each of which has its own function. The author discusses the role of the different parts of the brain in the process of memory and the way in which they are connected together. It is also shown that the brain is a plastic organ, capable of changing its structure and function in response to the environment. The author discusses the way in which the brain adapts to new situations and the role of the different parts of the brain in the process of learning.

4. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the role of the brain in the process of emotion. It is shown that the brain is a complex system of interconnected parts, each of which has its own function. The author discusses the role of the different parts of the brain in the process of emotion and the way in which they are connected together.

ODE ON A LYCIAN TOMB

Oft didst thou come in after days to leave
Roses and laurel on thy warrior's grave,
And with thy marble self again to grieve,
Glad of what genius unto sorrow gave,
Interpreting what had been and would be,
Love, tears, despair, attained serenity.

There are whom sorrow leaves full-wrecked. The great
Grow in the urgent anguish of defeat,
And with mysterious confidence await
The silent coming of the bearer's feet ;
Wherefore this quiet face so proudly set
To front life's duties, but naught to forget.

For life is but a tender instrument
Whereon the master hand of grief doth fall,
Leaving love's vibrant tissue resonant
With echoes, ever waking at the call
Of every kindred tone ; so grief doth change
The instrument o'er which his fateful fingers range.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL.

IX
IN WAR-TIME

IX

I N W A R • T I M E

IN WAR-TIME

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower,
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

JOHN MILTON.

Ode,

Written in the beginning of the year 1746.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

IN WAR-TIME

Lament for Culloden

[April 16, 1746.]

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !
And aye the saut tear blins her ee :
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me ;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see ;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee !
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

' Sound, sound the clarion '

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

THOMAS OSBERT MORDAUNT.

IN WAR-TIME

Major Bellenden's Song

AND what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.
For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow ;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

'A weary lot is thine'

'A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine !
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine !
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love !
No more of me you knew.
'This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain ;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.'
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, 'Adieu for evermore,
My love !
And adieu for evermore.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN WAR-TIME

Monterey

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day—
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he then could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way ;
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play ;
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

IN WAR-TIME

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day ;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey ?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

The Song of the Camp

'GIVE us a song ! ' the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :
' We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.'

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang ' Annie Laurie.'

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of 'Annie Laurie'.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valour wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

IN WAR-TIME

WAR PICTURES (1861-5)

I

An Army Corps on the March

WITH its cloud of skirmishers in advance,
With now the sound of a single shot, snapping like
a whip, and now an irregular volley,
The swarming ranks press on and on, the dense brigades
press on,
Glittering dimly, toiling under the sun—the dust-cover'd
men,
In columns rise and fall to the undulations of the ground,
With artillery interspers'd—the wheels rumble, the horses
sweat,
As the army corps advances.

II

Cavalry Crossing a Ford

A LINE in long array, where they wind betwixt green
islands ;
They take a serpentine course—their arms flash in the
sun—hark to the musical clank ;
Behold the silvery river—in it the splashing horses,
loitering, stop to drink ;
Behold the brown-faced men—each group, each person,
a picture—the negligent rest on the saddles ;
Some emerge on the opposite bank—others are just
entering the ford—while,
Scarlet, and blue, and snowy white,
'The guidon flags flutter gaily in the wind.

WAR PICTURES

III

Bivouac on a Mountain Side

I SEE before me now, a travelling army halting ;
Below, a fertile valley spread, with barns, and the
orchards of summer ;
Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt in places,
rising high ;
Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes,
dingily seen ;
The numerous camp-fires scatter'd near and far, some away
up on the mountain ;
The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-
sized, flickering ;
And over all, the sky—the sky ! far, far out of reach,
studded, breaking out, the eternal stars.

IV

'A march in the ranks hard-prest, and the road unknown'

A MARCH in the ranks hard-prest, and the road
unknown ;
A route through a heavy wood, with muffled steps in the
darkness ;
Our army foil'd with loss severe, and the sullen remnant
retreating ;
Till after midnight glimmer upon us the lights of a dim-
lighted building ;
We come to an open space in the woods, and halt by the
dim-lighted building ;

IN WAR-TIME

'Tis a large old church at the crossing roads,—'tis now an
improptu hospital ;
—Entering but for a minute, I see a sight beyond all the
pictures and poems ever made :
Shadows of deepest, deepest black, just lit by moving
candles and lamps,
And by one great pitchy torch, stationary, with wild red
flame, and clouds of smoke ;
By these, crowds, groups of forms, vaguely I see, on the
floor, some in the pews laid down ;
At my feet more distinctly, a soldier, a mere lad, in danger
of bleeding to death, (he is shot in the abdomen ;)
I stanch the blood temporarily, (the youngster's face is
white as a lily ;)
Then before I depart I sweep my eyes o'er the scene,
fain to absorb it all,
Faces, varieties, postures beyond description, most in
obscurity, some of them dead,
Surgeons operating, attendants holding lights, the smell of
ether, the odour of blood ;
'The crowd, O the crowd of the bloody forms of soldiers—
the yard outside also fill'd ;
Some on the bare ground, some on planks or stretchers,
some in the death-spasm sweating ;
An occasional scream or cry, the doctor's shouted orders
or calls ;
The glisten of the little steel instruments catching the glint
of the torches ;
These I resume as I chant—I see again the forms, I smell
the odour ;
Then hear outside the orders given, *Fall in, my men, fall in ;*
But first I bend to the dying lad—his eyes open—a half-
smile gives he me ;

WAR PICTURES

'Then the eyes close, calmly close, and I speed forth to the
darkness,
Resuming, marching, ever in darkness marching, on in the
ranks,
The unknown road still marching.

V

'I saw old General at bay'

I saw old General at bay ;
(Old as he was, his grey eyes yet shone out in battle
like stars ;)
His small force was now completely hemm'd in, in his works ;
He call'd for volunteers to run the enemy's lines—a des-
perate emergency ;
I saw a hundred and more step forth from the ranks—but
two or three were selected ;
I saw them receive their orders aside—they listen'd with
care—the adjutant was very grave ;
I saw them depart with cheerfulness, freely risking their
lives.

VI

'O tan-faced prairie-boy'

O TAN-FACED prairie-boy !
Before you came to camp, came many a welcome gift ;
Praises and presents came, and nourishing food—till at last,
among the recruits,
You came, taciturn, with nothing to give—we but look'd
on each other,
When lo ! more than all the gifts of the world you gave me.

IN WAR-TIME

VII

' With music strong I come '

WITH music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums,

I play not marches for accepted victors only, I play marches for conquer'd and slain persons.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?

I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.

I beat and pound for the dead,

I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them.

Vivas to those who have fail'd !

And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea !

And to those themselves who sank in the sea !

And to all generals that lost engagements, and all overcome heroes !

And the numberless unknown heroes, equal to the greatest heroes known !

VIII

Reconciliation

WORD over all, beautiful as the sky !

Beautiful that war, and all its deeds of carnage, must in time be utterly lost ;

That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world ;

WAR PICTURES

. . . For my enemy is dead—a man divine as myself is
dead ;
I look where he lies, white-faced and still, in the coffin—
I draw near ;
I bend down, and touch lightly with my lips the white face
in the coffin.

IX

'Lo! Victress on the peaks'

LO! Victress on the peaks !
Where thou, with mighty brow, regarding the world,
(The world, O Libertad, that vainly conspired against thee ;)
Out of its countless, beleaguering toils, after thwarting
them all ;
Dominant, with the dazzling sun around thee,
Flauntest now unharm'd, in immortal soundness and bloom—
lo ! in these hours supreme,
No poem proud, I, chanting bring to thee—nor mastery's
rapturous verse ;
But a book containing night's darkness, and blood-dripping
wounds,
And psalms of the dead.

X

The Artilleryman's Vision

WHILE my wife at my side lies slumbering, and the
wars are over long,
And my head on the pillow rests at home, and the vacant
midnight passes,

IN WAR-TIME

And through the stillness, through the dark, I hear, just
hear, the breath of my infant,
There in the room as I wake from sleep this vision presses
upon me ;
The engagement opens there and then, in fantasy unreal,
The skirmishers begin, they crawl cautiously ahead, I hear
the irregular snap ! snap !
I hear the sounds of the different missiles, the short *t-h-t !*
t-h-t ! of the rifle-balls ;
I see the shells exploding leaving small white clouds, I
hear the great shells shrieking as they pass,
The grape like the hum and whirr of wind through the
trees, (quick, tumultuous now the contest rages,)
All the scenes at the batteries themselves rise in detail before
me again,
The crashing and smoking, the pride of the men in their
pieces,
The chief-gunner ranges and sights his piece and selects
a fuse of the right time,
After firing I see him lean aside and look eagerly off to
note the effect ;
Elsewhere I hear the cry of a regiment charging, (the young
colonel leads himself this time with brandish'd sword,)
I see the gaps cut by the enemy's volleys, (quickly fill'd
up, no delay,)
I breathe the suffocating smoke, then the flat clouds hover
low concealing all ;
Now a strange lull comes for a few seconds, not a shot fired on
either side,
Then resumed the chaos louder than ever, with eager calls
and orders of officers,
While from some distant part of the field the wind wafts
to my ears a shout of applause, (some special success,)

WAR PICTURES

And ever the sound of the cannon far or near, (rousing
even in dreams a devilish exultation and all the old
mad joy in the depths of my soul,)
And ever the hastening of infantry shifting positions,
batteries, cavalry, moving hither and thither,
(The falling, dying, I heed not, the wounded dripping and
red I heed not, some to the rear are hobbling,)
Grime, heat, rush,—aide-de-camps galloping by or on a full
run,
With the patter of small arms, the warning *s-s-t* of the
rifles, (these in my vision I hear or see,)
And bombs bursting in air, and at night the vari-colour'd
rockets.

XI

'Delicate cluster'

DELICATE cluster! flag of teeming life!
Covering all my lands! all my seashores lining!
Flag of death! (how I watch'd you through the smoke of
battle pressing!
How I heard you flap and rustle, cloth defiant!)
Flag, cerulean! sunny flag, with the orbs of night dappled!
Ah my silvery beauty! ah my woolly white and crimson!
Ah to sing the song of you, my matron mighty!
My sacred one, my mother.

WALT WHITMAN.

IN WAR-TIME

O Glorious France

YOU have become a forge of snow-white fire,
A crucible of molten steel, O France!
Your sons are stars who cluster to a dawn
And fade in light for you, O glorious France!
They pass through meteor changes with a song
Which to all islands and all continents
Says life is neither comfort, wealth, nor fame,
Nor quiet hearthstones, friendship, wife nor child
Nor love, nor youth's delight, nor manhood's power,
Nor many days spent in a chosen work,
Nor honoured merit, nor the patterned theme
Of daily labour, nor the crowns nor wreaths
Or seventy years.

These are not all of life,
O France, whose sons amid the rolling thunder
Of cannon stand in trenches where the dead
Clog the ensanguined ice. But life to these
Prophetic and enraptured souls is vision,
And the keen ecstasy of fated strife,
And divination of the loss as gain,
And reading mysteries with brightened eyes
In fiery shock and dazzling pain before
The orient splendour of the face of Death,
As a great light beside a shadowy sea;
And in a high will's strenuous exercise,
Where the warmed spirit finds its fullest strength
And is no more afraid. And in the stroke
Of azure lightning when the hidden essence
And shifting meaning of man's spiritual worth

O GLORIOUS FRANCE

And mystical significance in time
Are instantly distilled to one clear drop
Which mirrors earth and heaven.

This is life

Flaming to heaven in a minute's span
When the breath of battle blows the smouldering spark
And across these seas
We who cry Peace and treasure life and cling
To cities, happiness, or daily toil
For daily bread, or trail the long routine
Of seventy years, taste not the terrible wine
Whereof you drink, who drain and toss the cup
Empty and ringing by the finished feast ;
Or have it shaken from your hand by sight
Of God against the olive woods.

As Joan of Arc amid the apple trees
With sacred joy first heard the voices, then
Obeying plunged at Orleans in a field
Of spears and lived her dream and died in fire,
Thou, France, hast heard the voices and hast lived
The dream and known the meaning of the dream,
And read its riddle : How the soul of man
May to one greatest purpose make itself
A lens of clearness, how it loves the cup
Of deepest truth, and how its bitterest gall
Turns sweet to soul's surrender.

And you say :

Take days for repetition, stretch your hands
For mocked renewal of familiar things ;
The beaten path, the chair beside the window,

IN WAR-TIME

WAR PICTURES 1914-18.

I

At Carnoy

DOWN in the hollow there's the whole Brigade
Camped in four groups: through twilight falling slow
I hear a sound of mouth-organs, ill-played,
And murmur of voices, gruff, confused, and low.
Crouched among thistle-tufts I've watched the glow
Of a blurred orange sunset flare and fade;
And I'm content. To-morrow we must go
To take some cursèd Wood . . . O world God made!

II

A Whispered Tale

I'D heard fool-heroes brag of where they'd been,
With stories of the glories that they'd seen,
Till there was nothing left for shame to screen.
But you, good, simple soldier, seasoned well
In woods and posts and crater-lines of hell,
Who dodge remembered 'crumps' with wry grimace,—
Cold hours of torment in your queer, kind face,
Smashed bodies in your strained, unhappy eyes,
And both your brothers killed to make you wise;
You had no empty babble; what you said
Was like a whisper from the maimed and dead.
But Memory brought the voice I knew, whose note
Was smothered when they shot you in the throat;
And still you whisper of the war, and find
Sour jokes for all those horrors left behind.

WAR PICTURES

III

'Blighters'

THE House is crammed: tier beyond tier they grin
And cackle at the Show, while prancing ranks
Of harlots shrill the chorus, drunk with din;
'We're sure the Kaiser loves the dear old Tanks!'

I'd like to see a Tank come down the stalls,
Lurching to rag-time tunes, or 'Home, sweet Home,'—
And there'd be no more jokes in Music-halls
To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

Hail and Farewell

DOGS barking, dust awhirling,
And drum throbs in the street.
The braggart pipes are skirling
An old tune wild and sweet.

By fours the lads come trooping
With heads erect and high,
I watch with heart adrooping
To see the kilties by.

And one of them is glancing
Up to this window, this!
His brave blue eyes are dancing;
He tosses me a kiss.

IN WAR-TIME

I send him back another,
I fling my hand out free.
'God keep you safely, brother,
Who go to die for me.'

ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER.

Overseas

WHILE Flanders' fields grow greener
O'er faithful lads and true,
To sit and knit at endless grey
Seems a poor thing to do.

Now France has had my lover
Since April was a year,
While I roll strips of linen
And choke back many a tear.

To march with drum and banner,
To dig, to shoot, to kill—
'T would seem to me a Heaven
To this Hell of sitting still.

ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER.

I cannot stand and wait

HOW can I serve who am too old to fight?
I cannot stand and wait
With folded hands, and lay me down at night
In restless expectation that the day
Will bring some stroke of Fate
I cannot help to stay.

I CANNOT STAND AND WAIT

Once, like the spider in his patterned web,
Based on immutable law,
Boldly I spun the strands of arduous thought,
Now seeming naught,
Rent in the sudden hurricane of war.

Within my corner I will take my place,
And grant me grace
Some delicate thing to perfect and complete
With passionate contentment, as of old
Before my heart grew cold.
This in the Temple I will dedicate,
A widow's mite,
Among more precious gifts, obscured from sight
By the majestic panoply of state.
But when triumphal candles have burned low
And valorous trophies crumbled into dust,
Perchance my gift may glow,
Still radiating sacrificial joy
Amid the ravages of moth and rust.

HENRY HEAD.

How's my Boy?

'HO, Sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?'
'What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?'
'My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.'

IN WAR-TIME

‘ You come back from sea,
And not know my John ?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
‘ There ’s not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

‘ How ’s my boy—my boy ?
And unless you let me know
I’ll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no !
Sure his ship was the “ Jolly Briton ” ’—
‘ Speak low, woman, speak low ! ’

‘ And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John ?
If I was loud as I am proud
I’d sing him over the town !
Why should I speak low, sailor ? ’
‘ That good ship went down.’

‘ How ’s my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the ship, sailor.
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground.
Sinking or swimming, I’ll be bound
Her owners can afford her !
I say, how ’s my John ? ’
‘ Every man on board went down.
Every man aboard her.’

HOW 'S MY BOY

'How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?'

SYDNEY DOBELL.

Chorus from 'Prometheus Unbound'

THIS is the day, which down the void abyss
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism.
And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep:
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dead endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length;
These are the spells by which to assume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;

IN WAR-TIME

This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Country of the Camisards

WE travelled in the print of olden wars,
Yet all the land was green,
And love we found, and peace,
Where fire and war had been.

They pass and smile, the children of the sword--
No more the sword they wield ;
And O, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield !

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

X

RECUSANTS AND
STANDARD-BEARERS

Increase of days increases misery:
And misery brings selfishness which sears
The heart's first feelings: 'mid the battle's roar
In Death's dread grasp, the soldier's eyes are blind
To comrades dying, and he whose hopes are o'er
Turns coldest from the sufferings of mankind.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes,
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, 'Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!' he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

To Wordsworth

POET of Nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return ;
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine
Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore.
Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar :
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude :
In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Lost Leader

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote ;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed :
How all our copper had gone for his service !
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud !

RECUSANTS AND STANDARD-BEARERS

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die !
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their
graves !
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence ;
Songs may inspirit us, —not from his lyre ;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire :
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !
Life's night begins : let him never come back to us !
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again !
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own ;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne !

ROBERT BROWNING.

RECUSANTS AND STANDARD-BEARERS

Stanzas to . . .

WELL, some may hate, and some may scorn,
And some may quite forget thy name ;
But my sad heart must ever mourn
Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame !
'Twas thus I thought, an hour ago,
Even weeping o'er that wretch's woe ;
One word turned back my gushing tears,
And lit my altered eye with sneers.
Then, ' Bless the friendly dust ', I said,
' That hides thy unlamented head !
Vain as thou wert, and weak as vain,
The slave of Falsehood, Pride, and Pain—
My heart has nought akin to thine ;
Thy soul is powerless over mine.'
But these were thoughts that vanished too ;
Unwise, unholy, and untrue :
Do I despise the timid deer,
Because his limbs are fleet with fear ?
Or would I mock the wolf's death-howl,
Because his form is gaunt and foul ?
Or hear with joy the leveret's cry,
Because it cannot bravely die ?
No ! Then above his memory
Let Pity's heart as tender be ;
Say ' Earth, lie lightly on that breast,
And, kind Heaven, grant that spirit rest ! '

EMILY BRONTË.

RECUSANTS AND STANDARD-BEARERS

'Let us be merry before we go'

IF sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking my cares compose,
A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow would end my woes.
But as in wailing there's nought availing,
And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
Then for that reason, and for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.

To joy a stranger, a way-worn ranger,
In every danger my course I've run ;
Now hope all ending, and death befriending,
His last aid lending, my cares are done.
No more a rover, or hapless lover,
My griefs are over—my glass runs low ;
Then for that reason, and for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

Self-Interrogation

'THE evening passes fast away,
'Tis almost time to rest ;
What thoughts has left the vanished day,
What feelings in thy breast ?'

'The vanished day ? It leaves a sense
Of labour hardly done ;
Of little gained with vast expense—
A sense of grief alone !

SELF-INTERROGATION

‘ Time stands before the door of Death,
Upbraiding bitterly ;
And Conscience, with exhaustless breath,
Pours black reproach on me :

‘ And though I’ve said that Conscience lies
And Time should Fate condemn ;
Still, sad Repentance clouds my eyes,
And makes me yield to them ! ’

‘ Then art thou glad to seek repose ?
Art glad to leave the sea,
And anchor all thy weary woes
In calm Eternity ?

‘ Nothing regrets to see thee go—
Not one voice sobs “ Farewell ” ;
And where thy heart has suffered so,
Canst thou desire to dwell ? ’

‘ Alas ! the countless links are strong
That bind us to our clay ;
The loving spirit lingers long,
And would not pass away !

‘ And rest is sweet, when laurelled fame
Will crown the soldier’s crest ;
But a brave heart, with a tarnished name,
Would rather fight than rest. ’

‘ Well, thou hast fought for many a year,
Hast fought thy whole life through,
Hast humbled Falsehood, trampled Fear ;
What is there left to do ? ’

RECUSANTS AND STANDARD-BEARERS

A presence like the freshening, quickening breeze
That, passing, sweeps the poisoned cloud aside.
An ear that 'mid the discords of the day
Catches the basic harmonies of life ;
A heart whose alchemy transforms the dross
Of dull suspicion to the gold of love ;
A spirit like the fragrance of some flower
That lingers round the spot that this has graced,
To tell us that although the rose be plucked
And spread its perfume throughout distant halls,
The vestige of its sweetness quickens still
The conscience of the precinct where it bloomed.

WILLIAM SYDNEY THAYER.

Lines Written on the Western Front, 1916

WE, who lie here, have nothing more to pray.
To all your praises we are deaf and blind.
We may not even know if you betray
Our hope, to make earth better for mankind.
Only our silence in the night shall grow
More silent, as the stars grow in the sky ;
And, while you deck our graves, you shall not know
That our eternal peace has passed you by.
For we have heard you say (when we were living)
That some small dream of good would ' cost too much ' ;
But, when the foe struck, we have watched you giving,
And seen you move the mountains with one touch.
What can be done, we know. But, have no fear !
If you fail now, we shall not see or hear.

ALFRED NOYES.

X

RECUSANTS AND
STANDARD-BEARERS

RECOVERIES AND REWARD-BLINDNESS

We had the power and influence and abundance then,
I feel a full and magnificent eye,
I heard his great language, caught the great accents,
Made him our master to live and to die—
Master as the King Milton was for us.
Fame, money, were vain as they came from their
graves.
He took bread from the rich and the freemen,
He took bread of the poor and the slaves—

We saw him prospering—for thro' his presence;
Songs may depart as he goes from his eye:
Deeds will be done,—while he looks his messenger,
Still sending words from the vast calm aspire:
But not his name, then, would one lose soon more.
The less more learned, the more footpath unlearned,
The more triumph for evils and sorrow for angels,
The wrong more to man, the more right to God!
His light begins: it will never come back to us.
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the quiver of twilight,
ever, at confident morning again.
Best light on earth, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Tend his heart as he minister his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and walk us,
Purged in heaven, the first of the new age.

LESLIE BROWNING.

RECUSANTS AND STANDARD-BEARERS

Stanzas to . . .

WELL, some may hate, and some may scorn,
And some may quite forget thy name ;
But my sad heart must ever mourn
Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame !
'Twas thus I thought, an hour ago,
Even weeping o'er that wretch's woe ;
One word turned back my gushing tears,
And lit my altered eye with sneers.
Then, ' Bless the friendly dust ', I said,
' That hides thy unlamented head !
Vain as thou wert, and weak as vain,
The slave of Falsehood, Pride, and Pain—
My heart has nought akin to thine ;
Thy soul is powerless over mine.'
But these were thoughts that vanished too ;
Unwise, unholy, and untrue :
Do I despise the timid deer,
Because his limbs are fleet with fear ?
Or would I mock the wolf's death-howl,
Because his form is gaunt and foul ?
Or hear with joy the leveret's cry,
Because it cannot bravely die ?
No ! Then above his memory
Let Pity's heart as tender be ;
Say ' Earth, lie lightly on that breast,
And, kind Heaven, grant that spirit rest ! '

EMILY BRONTË.

RECUSANTS AND STANDARD-BEARERS

'Tis true, this arm has hotly striven,
Has dared what few would dare ;
Much have I done, and freely given,
But little learnt to bear !'

' Look on the grave where thou must sleep,
Thy last, and strongest foe ;
It is endurance not to weep,
If that repose seem woe.

' The long war closing in defeat—
Defeat serenely borne,—
'Thy midnight rest may still be sweet,
And break in glorious morn !'

EMILY BRONTË.

On this Day I complete my thirty- sixth Year

'TIS time this heart shou'd be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move :
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone !

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see !
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake !)
Awake, my spirit ! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood !—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live* ?
The land of honourable death
Is here :—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

LIBERTY AND THE NATIONS

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous east in fee ;
And was the safeguard of the west : the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free ;
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day ;
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Thoughts of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland

TWO voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Sonnet on Chillon

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnard ! May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

CELTIC

Into the Twilight

OUT-WORN heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh, heart, again in the grey twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight grey;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the grey twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Self-discipline

WHEN the soul sought refuge in the place of rest,
Overborne by strife and pain beyond control,
From some secret hollow, whisper soft-confessed,
Came the legend of the soul.

Some bright one of old time laid his sceptre down
So his heart might learn of sweet and bitter truth;
Going forth bereft of beauty, throne, and crown,
And the sweetness of his youth.

SELF-DISCIPLINE

So the old appeal and fierce revolt we make
'Through the world's hour dies within our primal will ;
And we justify the pain and hearts that break,
And our lofty doom fulfil.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL.

A Rose will fade

YOU were always a dreamer, Rose, red Rose,
As you swung on your perfumed spray,
Swinging, and all the world was true,
Swaying, what did it trouble you ?
A rose will fade in a day.

Why did you smile to his face, red Rose,
As he whistled across your way ?
And all the world went mad for you,
All the world it knelt to woo.
A rose will bloom in a day.

I gather your petals, Rose, red Rose,
The petals he threw away.
And all the world derided you ;
Ah ! the world, how well it knew
A rose will fade in a day.

DORA SIGERSON.

CELTIC

Beauty's a Flower

YOUTH'S for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

Youth's for an hour, an' the taste o' life is sweet,
Ailes was a girl that stepped on two bare feet ;
In all my days I never seen the one as fair as she,
I'd have lost my life for Ailes, an' she never cared for me.

Beauty's a flower, an' the days o' life are long,
There's little knowin' who may live to sing another song ;
For Ailes was the fairest, but another is my wife,
An' Mary—God be good to her !—is all I love in life.

*Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.*

MOIRA O'NEILL.

The Gate-keeper

ROUGH gown, stuff gown, my love hath noble raiment,
Silk robes and scarlet robes, pearls of great price :
If a man kiss her gown, death is his payment—
'Nay : but I keep the gates of Paradise.'

Chained hand, stained hand, my love has fingers whiter
Than any lily that rocks upon the lake :
If a man kiss her hand death falls the lighter—
'She sends thee sleeping fast ? I bid thee wake.'

THE GATE-KEEPER

Bare head, fair head, my love's head on her pillow
Black as a bird's wing lies, circled with gold :
If a man touch it, he swings from a willow—
'Doth her love burn thee so? My breast is cold.'

Torn wings, shorn wings, my love goeth wingless :
She is wind and water, fire that upward springs.
Ere I died praising her I left my harp all stringless.
'From my stripped pinions my children make them wings.'

Grave eyes, brave eyes, wert thou fain to bear them?
Once my love in childbed lay, and cried for pain.
I, too, bore dreams with tears, and the four winds tare them.
'My children are thy dreams warm with life again.'

End me or mend me : heavy is my burden !
Years ago we died, and I claim her sins for mine.
So she walks heaven's paths hell shall be my guerdon—
'I who ope the gate to thee was once that love of thine.'

NORA HOPPER.

The White Peace

IT lies not on the sunlit hill
Nor on the sunlit plain ;
Nor ever on any running stream
Nor on the unclouded main—

But sometimes, through the Soul of Man,
Slow moving o'er his pain,
The moonlight of a perfect peace
Floods heart and brain.

'FIONA MACLEOD' (WILLIAM SHARP.)

XIII

DE AMICITIA

Friends are ourselves.

Friends, such as we desire, are dreams and fables.

All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

Apparitions

SUCH a starved bank of moss
Till that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across ;
Violets were born !

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud :
Splendid, a star !

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out :
That was thy face.

ROBERT BROWNING.

From 'In Memoriam'

THE churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, through all,
To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown ;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons through the gilded pale.

DE AMICITIA

For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be,

Best seemed the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind :

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light ;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From 'In Memoriam'

DOST thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star ;

FROM 'IN MEMORIAM'

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire ;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He played at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate ;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands ;
'Does my old friend remember me ?'

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DE AMICITIA

Fair-weather Friend

BECAUSE I mourned to see thee fall
From where I mounted thee,
Because I did not find thee all
I feigned a friend should be ;
Because things are not what they seem,
And this our world is full of dream,—
Because thou lovest sunny weather,
Am I to lose thee altogether ?

I know harsh words have found their way,
Which I would fain recall ;
And angry passions had their day,
But now—forget them all ;
Now that I only ask to share
Thy presence, like some pleasant air,
Now that my gravest thoughts will bend
To thy light mind, fair-weather friend !

See ! I am careful to atone
My spirit's voice to thine ;
My talk shall be of mirth alone,
Of music, flowers, and wine !
I will not breathe an earnest breath,
I will not think of life or death,
I will not dream of any end,
While thou art here, fair-weather friend !

Delusion brought me only woe,
I take thee as thou art ;
Let thy gay verdure overgrow
My deep and serious heart !

FAIR-WEATHER FRIEND

Let me enjoy thy laugh, and sit
Within the radiance of thy wit,
And lean where'er thy humours tend,
Taking fair weather from my friend.

Or, if I see my doom is traced
By fortune's sterner pen,
And pain and sorrow must be faced,—
Well, thou canst leave me then ;
And fear not lest some faint reproach
Should on thy happy hours encroach ;
Nay, blessings on thy steps attend,
Where'er they turn, fair-weather friend !

R. M. MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON.

Qua Cursum Ventus

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

DE AMICITIA

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !
To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.
But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.
One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

From 'Christabel'

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another

FROM 'CHRISTABEL'

To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between ;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

After

TAKE the cloak from his face, and at first
Let the corpse do its worst.

How he lies in his rights of a man !

Death has done all death can.

And, absorbed in the new life he leads,

He recks not, he heeds

Nor his wrong nor my vengeance—both strike

On his senses alike,

And are lost in the solemn and strange

Surprise of the change.

Ha, what avails death to erase

His offence, my disgrace ?

I would we were boys as of old

In the field, by the fold :

His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn

Were so easily borne.

I stand here now, he lies in his place :

Cover the face.

ROBERT BROWNING.

DE AMICITIA

The Old Familiar Faces

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

XIV

THE UNFORGOTTEN

THE UNFORGOTTEN

On Salathiel Pavy, a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel

WEEP with me, all you that read
This little story ;
And know, for whom a tear you shed,
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.

Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When Fates turned cruel ;
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel ;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As sooth the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.

So, by error, to his fate
They all consented ;
But, viewing him since (alas, too late !),
They have repented ;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him :
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

BEN JONSON.

THE UNFORGOTTEN

Early Death

SHE passed away like morning dew
Before the sun was high ;
So brief her time, she scarcely knew
The meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose its soft perfume,
Sweet love around her floated ;
Admired she grew—while mortal doom
Crept on, unfeared, unnoted.

Love was her guardian Angel here,
But Love to Death resigned her ;
Though Love was kind, why should we fear
But holy Death is kinder ?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

In the Old House

I N the old house where we dwelt
No care had come, no grief we knew,
No memory of the past we felt,
No doubt assailed us when we knelt ;
It is not so in the new.

In the old house where we grew
From childhood up, the days were dreams,
The summers had unwonted gleams,
The sun a warmer radiance threw
Upon the stair. Alas ! it seems
All different in the new !

THE UNFORGOTTEN

Our mother still could sing the strain
In earlier days we listened to ;
The white threads in her hair were few,
She seldom sighed or suffered pain,
Oh for the old house back again !
It is not so in the new.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Surprised by Joy

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh ! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find ?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee ? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss ?—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE UNFORGOTTEN

Lines Written by a Death-bed

YES, now the longing is o'erpast,
Which, dogged by fear and fought by shame,
Shook her weak bosom day and night,
Consumed her beauty like a flame,
And dimmed it like the desert blast.
And though the curtains hide her face,
Yet were it lifted to the light
The sweet expression of her brow
Would charm the gazer, till his thought
Erased the ravages of time,
Filled up the hollow cheek, and brought
A freshness back as of her prime—
So healing is her quiet now.
So perfectly the lines express
A placid, settled loveliness;
Her youngest rival's freshest grace.

But ah, though peace indeed is here,
And ease from shame, and rest from fear :
Though nothing can disarm now
The smoothness of that limpid brow ;
Yet is a calm like this, in truth,
The crowning end of life and youth ?
And when this boon rewards the dead,
Are all debts paid, has all been said ?
And is the heart of youth so light,
Its step so firm, its eye so bright,
Because on its hot brow there blows
A wind of promise and repose
From the far grave, to which it goes ?

THE UNFORGOTTEN

Because it has the hope to come.
One day, to harbour in the tomb?
Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one
For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
For feeling nerves and living breath—
Youth dreams a bliss on this side death
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep.
It hears a voice within it tell—
'Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.'
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires:
But 'tis not what our youth desires.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Dirge

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

DIRGE

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finished joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Death of Artemidora

‘**A**RTEMIDORA ! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet,
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thine own come near
And nearer, and solicit an embrace.’

Artemidora sighed, and would have pressed
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake. He looked into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, but now dim with tears
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heaved once more :
Her head fell back : and now a loud deep sob
Swelled through the darkened chamber ; ’twas not hers.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE UNFORGOTTEN

From 'Homeward Bound'

THUS in the gloom and solitude of thought
I wandered long, till on my lonely path
Thy influence arose. In thee I found
A sacred spot in which the wearied soul
At length might rest—for thou hast been to me
Dear as to night the crystal stars that shine
Like pleasures nestling in her gloomy heart.
From thee, dear wife, I learned how Love can graft
A stronger plume on Life's dishevelled wing—
How, turning to the earth from which it sprang,
The spirit gathers strength, and yet may find
In daily rounds of duty and of love
The sands of life still sparkling as they flow.

We cannot fly our shadows or escape
The innate temp'rament that moulds our lives
To happiness or gloom. Its mighty stress,
Stronger than reason, conduct, circumstance,
Gives colour to our thoughts; the mind best strung
Can suffer most, and he who most aspires
To truth and knowledge and ideal good
Most keenly feels the impotence of life.
The shadows lengthen as the night draws on,
And youth's bright hues can never be recalled;
But Love and Duty linger, Habit smoothes
With kindly hand the steep descent of life;
And through the gathering mists Hope whispers still,
We yet may find, we know not how or where,
The highest and the happiest the same.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

THE UNFORGOTTEN

'When Death to either shall come'

WHEN Death to either shall come,—
I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own ;
And sing to the child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
The songs that I made for thee.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

Remembrance

COLD in the earth—and the deep snow piled above
thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave !
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring :
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering !

THE UNFORGOTTEN

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong !

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second moon has ever shone for me ;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine ;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again ?

EMILY BRONTË.

THE UNFORGOTTEN

The Last Memory

WHEN I am old, and think of the old days,
And warm my hands before a little blaze,
Having forgotten love, hope, fear, desire,
I shall see, smiling out of the pale fire,
One face, mysterious and exquisite ;
And I shall gaze, and ponder over it,
Wondering, was it Leonardo wrought
That stealthy ardency, where passionate thought
Burns inward, a revealing flame, and glows
To the last ecstasy, which is repose ?
Was it Bronzino, those Borghese eyes ?
And, musing thus among my memories,
O unforgotten ! you will come to seem,
As pictures do, remembered, some old dream.
And I shall think of you as something strange,
And beautiful, and full of helpless change,
Which I beheld and carried in my heart ;
But you, I loved, will have become a part
Of the eternal mystery, and love
Like a dim pain ; and I shall bend above
My little fire, and shiver, being cold,
When you are no more young, and I am old.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE UNFORGOTTEN

In the Valley of Caunteretz

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two-and-thirty years ago.
All along the valley while I walked to-day,
The two-and-thirty years were a mist that rolls away ;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

XV

VERITATEM DILEXI

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith and trimmed its fire,
Showed me the high white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze and there aspire.

Quand j'ai connu la Vérité,
J'ai cru que c'était une amie;
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie
J'en étais déjà dégoûté.

Et pourtant elle est éternelle,
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle
Ici-bas ont tout ignoré.

The Dervish whined to Said,
'Thou didst not tarry while I prayed.
Beware the fire that Eblis burned.'
But Saadi coldly thus returned,
'Once with manlike love and fear
I gave thee for an hour my ear,
I kept the sun and stars at bay,
And love, for words thy tongue could say.
I cannot sell my heaven again
For all that rattles in thy brain.'

Urania

I TOO have suffered : yet I know
She is not cold, though she seems so :
She is not cold, she is not light ;
But our ignoble souls lack might.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die ;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turned upon the sons of men.
But light the serious visage grew—
She looked, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our laboured, puny passion-fits—
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she !

Yet oh, that Fate would let her see
One of some worthier race than we ;
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—
His voice like sounds of summer nights—
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe !

VERITATEM DILEXI

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry—*Long, long I've looked for thee.*—

Then will she weep—with smiles, till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Brahma

I F the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near ;
Shadow and sunlight are the same ;
The vanished gods to me appear ;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;
When me they fly, I am the wings ;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
But thou, meek lover of the good !
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

VERITATEM DILEXI

Failure

BECAUSE God put His adamantine fate
Between my sullen heart and its desire,
I swore that I would burst the Iron Gate,
Rise up, and curse Him on His throne of fire.
Earth shuddered at my crown of blasphemy,
But Love was as a flame about my feet ;
Proud up the Golden Stair I strode ; and beat
Thrice on the Gate, and entered with a cry—

All the great courts were quiet in the sun,
And full of vacant echoes : moss had grown
Over the glassy pavement, and begun
To creep within the dusty council-halls.
An idle wind blew round an empty throne
And stirred the heavy curtains on the walls.

RUPERT BROOKE.

The Divinity

‘YES, write it in the rock !’ Saint Bernard said,
‘Grave it on brass with adamantine pen !
’Tis God himself becomes apparent, when
God’s wisdom and God’s goodness are displayed,
‘For God of these his attributes is made.’—
Well spake the impetuous Saint, and bore of men
The suffrage captive ; now, not one in ten
Recalls the obscure opposer he outweighed.

VERITATEM DILEXI.

*God's wisdom and God's goodness !—Ay, but fools
Mis-define these till God knows them no more.
Wisdom and goodness, they are God !—what schools*

Have yet so much as heard this simpler lore ?
This no Saint preaches, and this no Church rules ;
'Tis in the desert, now and heretofore.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Sursum Corda

SEEK not the spirit, if it hide
Inexorable to thy zeal :
Trembler, do not whine and chide :
Art thou not also real ?
Why shouldst thou stoop to poor excuse ?
Turn on the accuser roundly ; say,
'Here am I, here will I abide
For ever to myself soothfast ;
Go thou, sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure stay !'
Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,
For only it can absolutely deal.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Bohemian Hymn

IN many forms we try
To utter God's infinity,
But the Boundless hath no form,
And the Universal Friend
Doth as far transcend
An angel as a worm.

THE BOHEMIAN HYMN

The great Idea baffles wit,
Language falters under it,
It leaves the learned in the lurch ;
Nor art, nor power, nor toil can find
The measure of the eternal Mind,
Nor hymn, nor prayer, nor church.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

To a Friend

WHO prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind ?
He much, the old man, who, clearest-souled of men,
Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen,
And Tmolus' hill, and Smyrna's bay, though blind.
Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,
That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
Cleared Rome of what most shamed him. But be his
My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull, nor Passion wild :
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole :
The mellow glory of the Attic stage ;
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

VERITATEM DILEXI

Steads not to work on the clean jump,
Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump.
Men and gods are too extense ;
Could you slacken and condense ?
Your rank overgrowths reduce
Till your kinds abound with juice ?
Earth, crowded, cries, ' Too many men ! '
My counsel is, kill nine in ten,
And bestow the shares of all
On the remnant decimal.
Add their nine lives to this cat ;
Stuff their nine brains in his hat ;
Make his frame and forces square
With the labours he must dare ;
Thatch his flesh, and even his years
With the marble which he rears.
There, growing slowly old at ease,
No faster than his planted trees,
He may, by warrant of his age,
In schemes of broader scope engage.
So shall ye have a man of the sphere
Fit to grace the solar year.

- RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Patience

PATIENCE ! why, 'tis the soul of peace :
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven :
It makes men look like gods.—'The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

THOMAS DEKKER.

VERITATEM DILEXI

Shipwreck

WE, who by shipwreck only find the shores
Of divine wisdom, can but kneel at first,
Can but exult to find beneath our feet,
That long stretched vainly down the yielding deeps,
The shock and sustenance of solid earth ;
Inland afar we see what temples gleam
Through immemorial stems of sacred groves,
And we conjecture shining shapes therein ;
Yet for a space 'tis good to wander here
Among the shells and seaweed of the beach.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In a Lecture-Room

AWAY, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy !
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly ?
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore ?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

VERITATEM DILEXI

The World's Triumphs

SO far as I conceive the World's rebuke
To him addressed who would recast her new,
Not from herself her fame of strength she took,
But from their weakness, who would work her rue.
‘Behold’, she cries, ‘so many rages lulled,
So many fiery spirits quite cooled down :
Look how so many valours, long undulled,
After short commerce with me, fear my frown.
Thou too, when thou against my crimes wouldst cry,
Let thy foreboded homage check thy tongue.’—
The World speaks well : yet might her foe reply—
‘Are wills so weak ? then let not mine wait long.
Hast thou so rare a poison ? let me be
Keener to slay thee, lest thou poison me.’

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Ode to Duty

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :

ODE TO DUTY

Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work, and know it not :
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
'Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :

VERITATEM DILEXI

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and
strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge

TAX not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only—this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence !
Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

VERITATEM DILEXI

Sacrifice

THOUGH love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.'

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Written in Emerson's Essays

'O MONSTROUS, dead, unprofitable world,
That thou canst hear, and hearing, hold thy way.
A voice oracular hath pealed to-day,
To-day a hero's banner is unfurled.
Hast thou no lip for welcome?' So I said.
Man after man, the world smiled and passed by:
A smile of wistful incredulity
As though one spake of noise unto the dead:
Scornful, and strange, and sorrowful; and full
Of bitter knowledge. Yet the Will is free:
Strong is the Soul, and wise, and beautiful:
The seeds of godlike power are in us still:
Gods are we, Bards, Saints, Heroes, if we will.—
Dumb judges, answer, truth or mockery?

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Social Heredity

MAN is no mushroom growth of yesterday.
His roots strike deep into the hallowed mould
Of the dead centuries; ordinances old
Govern us, whether gladly we obey,

VERITATEM DILEXI

Or vainly struggle to resist their sway :
Our thoughts by ancient thinkers are controlled,
And many a word in which our thoughts are told
Was coined long since in regions far away.
The strong-souled nations, destined to be great,
Honour their sires and reverence the Past ;
They cherish and improve their heritage.
The weak, in blind self-trust or headlong rage,
The olden time's transmitted treasure cast
Behind them, and bemoan their loss too late.

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

Labour and Love

LABOUR and love ! there are no other laws
To rule the liberal action of that soul
Which faith hath set beneath thy brief control,
Or lull the empty fear that racks and gnaws ;

Labour ! then, like a rising moon, the cause
Of life shall light thine hour from pole to pole ;
Thou shalt taste health of purpose, and the roll
Of simple joys unwind without a pause.

Love ! and thy heart shall cease to question why
Its beating pulse was set to rock and rave ;
Find but another heart this side the grave

To soothe and cling to,—thou hast life's reply.
Labour and love ! then fade without a sigh,
Submerged beneath the inexorable wave.

EDMUND GOSSE.

XVI

TAEDIUM VITAE

La chair est triste, hélas, et j'ai lu tous les livres.

Ne suis-je pas un faux accord
 ns la divine symphonie,
Grâce à la vorace Ironie
Qui me secoue et qui me mord ?

Pour qui sait pénétrer, Nature, dans tes voies,
L'illusion t'enserme et ta surface ment :
Au fond de tes fureurs comme au fond de tes joies,
Ta force est sans ivresse et sans emportement.

Tel, parmi les sanglots, les rires et les haines,
Heureux qui porte en soi, d'indifférence empli,
Un impassible cœur, sourd aux rumeurs humaines,
Un gouffre inviolé de silence et d'oubli !

La vie a beau frémir autour de ce cœur morne,
Muet comme un ascète absorbé par son Dieu ;
Tout roule sans écho dans son ombre sans borne
Et rien n'y luit du ciel, hormis un trait de feu.

Mais ce peu de lumière à ce néant fidèle
C'est le reflet perdu des espaces meilleurs ;
C'est ton rapide éclair, espérance éternelle !
Qui l'éveille en sa tombe et le convie ailleurs.

Autumn Song

KNOW'ST thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the heart feels a languid grief
Laid on it for a covering,
And how sleep seems a goodly thing
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?
And how the swift beat of the brain
Falters because it is in vain,
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf,
Knowest thou not? and how the chief
Of joys seems—not to suffer pain?
Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf
Bound up at length for harvesting,
And how death seems a comely thing
In Autumn at the fall of the leaf?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Fame, Love, and Youth

LOOK down, look down from your glittering heights
And tell us, ye sons of glory,
The joys and the pangs of your eagle flights,
The triumph that crowned the story—
The rapture that thrilled when the goal was won,
The goal of a life's desire ;
And a voice replied from the setting sun—
Nay, the dearest and best lies nigher.

TAEDIUM VITAE

How oft in such hours our fond thoughts stray
To the dream of two idle lovers ;
To the young wife's kiss ; to the child at play,
Or the grave which the long grass covers ;

And little we'd reck of power and gold,
And of all life's vain endeavour,
If the heart could glow as it glowed of old,
And if youth could abide for ever.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

Psyche

THE butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—
But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade
Of mortal life !—For in this earthly frame
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Philosopher

PHILOSOPHERS are lined with eyes within,
And, being so, the sage unmakes the man.
In love, he cannot therefore cease his trade ;
Scarce the first blush has overspread his cheek,
He feels it, introverts his learned eye
To catch the unconscious heart in the very act.

PHILOSOPHER

His mother died,—the only friend he had,—
Some tears escaped, but his philosophy
Couched like a cat sat watching close behind
And throttled all his passion. Is't not like
That devil-spider that devours her mate
Scarce freed from her embraces?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Mutability

WE are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly!—yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest.—A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise.—One wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away;

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free:
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but Mutability.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

TAEDIUM VITAE

Perchè pensa? Pensando s' invecchia

TO spend uncounted years of pain,
 Again, again, and yet again,
In working out in heart and brain
 The problem of our being here ;
To gather facts from far and near,
Upon the mind to hold them clear,
And, knowing more may yet appear,
Unto one's latest breath to fear
The premature result to draw—
Is this the object, end and law,
 And purpose of our being here ?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

A Lament

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—Oh, never more !

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight ;
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TAEDIUM VITAE

Never Return

‘**N**EVER return ! Time writes these little words
On palace and on hamlet ; strife is vain ;
First-love returns not,—friendship comes not back,—
Glory revives not. Things are given us once,
And only once ; yet we may keep them ours,
If, like this day, we take them out of time,
And make them portions of the constant peace
Which is the shadow of eternity !’

So ended the serene Philosopher ;
And to all minds the sad persuasive truth
Found an immediate access ; the poor youth,
Whose spirit was but now a-fire with hope,
Cast down his quenched enthusiastic eyes.
‘ Never return ! ’ in many various tones,
All grave, yet none wholly disconsolate,
Was echoed, amid parting signs of love,
As they went on their common homeward way.
Silent above, the multitudinous stars
Said, ‘ We are steadfast,—we are not as Ye.’
Silent the fields, up to the phantom hills,
Said, ‘ We are dreaming of the vanished days
Which we shall see again, but Ye no more.’
So heavy pressed the meditative calm
On those full hearts, that all rejoiced to hear
The shrill cicada, clittering from below,
Call on the fire-flies dancing through the vines.

R. M. MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON.

TAEDIUM VITAE

Undeveloped Lives

NOT every thought can find its words,
Not all within is known ;
For minds and hearts have many chords
That never yield their tone.

Tastes, instincts, feelings, passions, powers,
Sleep there unfelt, unseen ;
And other lives lie hid in ours—
The lives that might have been—

Affections whose transforming force
Could mould the heart anew ;
Strong motives that might change the course
Of all we think and do.

Upon the tall cliff's cloud-wrapt verge
The lonely shepherd stands,
And hears the thundering ocean surge
That sweeps the far-off strands ;

And thinks in peace of raging storms
Where he will never be—
Of life in all its unknown forms
In lands beyond the sea.

So in our dream some glimpse appears,
Though soon it fades again,
How other lands or times or spheres
Might make us other men ;

UNDEVELOPED LIVES

How half our being lies in trance,
Nor joy nor sorrow brings,
Unless the hand of circumstance
Can touch the latent strings.

We know not fully what we are,
Still less what we might be :
But hear faint voices from the far
Dim lands beyond the sea.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

'All things are sold'

ALL things are sold : the very light of Heaven
Is venal : earth's unsparing gifts of love,
The smallest and most despicable things
That lurk in the abysses of the deep,
All objects of our life, even life itself,
And the poor pittance which the laws allow
Of liberty, the fellowship of man,
Those duties which his heart of human love
Should urge him to perform instinctively,
Are bought and sold as in a public mart
Of undisguising selfishness, that sets
On each its price, the stamp-mark of her reign.
Even love is sold ; the solace of all woe
Is turned to deadliest agony, old age
Shivers in selfish beauty's loathing arms,
And youth's corrupted impulses prepare
A life of horror from the blighting bane
Of commerce ; whilst the pestilence that springs
From unenjoying sensualism, has filled
All human life with hydra-headed woes.

TAEDIUM VITAE

Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win
It buys, what courts have not in store ;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

The Patriot

An old Story.

IT was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day !

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, ' Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies ! '
They had answered, ' And afterward, what else ? '

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep !
Naught man could do, have I left undone :
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

THE PATRIOT

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set ;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind ;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go !
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
'Paid by the World,—what dost thou owe
Me?' God might question ; now instead,
'Tis God shall repay ! I am safer so.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Moral Bully

YON whey-faced brother, who delights to wear
A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,
Seems of the sort that in a crowded place
One elbows freely into smallest space ;
A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,
Whom small disturbance whitens round the lip ;
One of those harmless spectacled machines,
'The Holy-Week of Protestants convenes ;
Whom schoolboys question if their walk transcends
The last advices of maternal friends ;

TAEDIUM VITAE

Whom John, obedient to his master's sign,
Conducts, laborious, up to *ninety-nine*,
While Peter, glistening with luxurious scorn,
Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn;
Dark in the brow and bilious in the cheek,
Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week,
Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits,
And the laced high-lows which they call their boots,
Well mayst thou *shun* that dingy front severe,
But him, O stranger, him thou canst not *fear*!

Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,
Man of broad shoulders and heroic size!
The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings,
Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings.
In that lean phantom, whose extended glove
Points to the text of universal love,
Behold the master that can tame thee down
To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown;
His velvet throat against thy corded wrist,
His loosened tongue against thy doubled fist!

The MORAL BULLY, though he never swears,
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,
Though meekness plants his backward-sloping hat,
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,
Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen
In the same plight with Shylock's gaberdine,
Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast
That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest,
Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear
That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,
Feels the same comfort while his acrid words

THE MORAL BULLY

Turns the sweet milk of kindness into curds,
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,
When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck !

Heaven keep us all ! Is every rascal clown
Whose arm is stronger free to knock us down ?
Has every scarecrow, whose cachectic soul
Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on parole,
Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace
Of angel visits on his hungry face,
From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,
Has dodged some vices in a shabby way,
The right to stick us with his cut-throat terms,
And bait his homilies with his brother worms ?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Rich and Poor ;

or, Saint and Sinner.

THE poor man's sins are glaring ;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act—
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station ;
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

TAEDIUM VITAE

The City in the Sea

LO ! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not !)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town ;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine,
Whose wreathèd friezes interwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

THE CITY IN THE SEA

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves ;
But not the riches there that lie,
In each idol's diamond eye,—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed ;
For no ripples curl, alas !
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene !

But lo, a stir is in the air !
The wave—there is a movement there !
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Ode to Tranquillity

TRANQUILLITY ! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame !
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage ;

Some of life's sad ones are too strong to die,
Grief doesn't kill them as it does the weak,
Sorrow is not for those who sit and cry
Lapped in the love of turning t'other cheek,
But for the noble souls austere and bleak
Who have had the bitter dose and drained the cup,
And wait for Death face fronted, standing up.

Terminus

IT is time to be old,
To take in sail :—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said : ‘ No more !
No farther spread
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
Fancy departs : no more invent,
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There’s not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two ;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot ;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,

DE SENECTUTE

The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.
As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime :
Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unarmed ;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A Farewell to Arms

(To Queen Elizabeth)

HIS golden locks Time hath to silver turned ;
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen.
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms ;
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms :
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
'Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.'
Goddess, allow this aged man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

GEORGE PEELE.

To Age

WELCOME, old friend ! These many years
Have we lived door by door :
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
One vile, the other vain ;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again :

DE SENECTUTE

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage.—
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Of the Last Verses in the Book

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite ;
The soul, with nobler resolutions decked,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more ;
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made ;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home :
Leaving the Old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the New.

EDMUND WALLER.

DE SENECTUTE

Eldorado

GAILY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
'Shadow,' said he,
'Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?'

'Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied—
'If you seek for Eldorado!'

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

DE SENECTUTE

And there they say, two bright and agèd snakes,
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
In breathless quiet, after all their ills.
Nor do they see their country, nor the place
Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,
Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes.
They had stayed long enough to see,
In Thebes, the billow of calamity
Over their own dear children roll'd,
Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
For years, they sitting helpless in their home,
A grey old man and woman ; yet of old
The gods had to their marriage come,
And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

Therefore they did not end their days
In sight of blood ; but were rapt, far away,
To where the west wind plays,
The murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain lawns ; and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray
For ever through the glens, placid and dumb.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DE SENECA

Farewell to Italy

I LEAVE thee, beautiful Italy ! no more
From the high terraces, at even-tide,
To look supine into the depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
Bordering the channel of the Milky Way.
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe (what have I not believed ?),
Weary with age, but unoppressed by pain,
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day
And rest my bones in the mimosa's shade.
Hope ! Hope ! few ever cherished thee so little
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised ;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.
For we are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceased, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration—reasoning
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
And the sun cheered corruption ! Over all
The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

DE SENECTUTE

Growing Old

WHAT is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forgo her wreath?
Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom only, but our strength—decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more weakly strung?

Yes, this, and more! but not,
Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dream'd 'twould be!
'Tis not to have our life
Mellow'd and soften'd as with sunset glow,
A golden day's decline!

'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirr'd;
And weep, and feel the fullness of the past,
The years that are no more.

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young.
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

GROWING OLD

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none.

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

On his Seventy-fifth Birthday

I STROVE with none ; for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art ;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear :
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

DE SENECTUTE

'Say not of me'

SAY not of me that weakly I declined
The labours of my sires, and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say : *In the afternoon of time*
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coasts its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Lines

*Read at the Dinner given in Honour of Doctor Robert Fletcher
at Maison Rauscher, Washington, January 11, 1906.*

IF age means but the sum of leaves
Time's calendars unfold,
Our honoured guest must recognize
That he is rather old.

If youth means elasticity,
A ready wit and tongue,
A mind alert, a spirit gay,
He's eminently young.

If age means stores of learning ranged
On ordered shelves along,
Still crescent 'neath the nurture
Of a guardian sage and strong,

LINES

All centred in an index
Which is hidden in the brain,
Our friend has surely reached an age
We may not see again.

If youth betrays itself by vim,
And broken bones, soon healed,
A constant tendency to pry
In every secret field ;

By always leading in the van
Of life's long search for truth—
Why then, despite his years, he's but
The prototype of youth !

So here's a glass to four score years,
To ripe and wise old age,
To all the gains which gen'rous time
Scores on his record page ;

And here's a glass to fervid youth,
To supple limbs and mind
Wherein hope's rainbow arches o'er
All doubts that lower behind ;

And here's a health to him in whom
All these conditions meet,
Old in all virtues born of days,
Young where'er youth is sweet.

Long may he live to taste alike
Of age and youth the joys ;
Old, yes, in years, but in his heart
A boy among the boys !

WILLIAM SYDNEY THAYER.

DE SENECTUTE

Waiting

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea ;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo ! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace ?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me ;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone ?
I wait with joy the coming years ;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights ;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky ;
The tidal wave comes to the sea ;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

XVIII

DIVINA MORS

Mais si rien ne répond dans l'immense étendue
Que le stérile écho de l'éternel désir,
Adieu, déserts où l'âme ouvre une aile éperdue :
Adieu, songe sublime, impossible à saisir !
Et toi, divine Mort, où tout rentre et s'efface,
Accueille tes enfants dans ton sein étoilé ;
Affranchis-nous du temps, du nombre et de l'espace,
Et rends-nous le repos que la vie a troublé.

Sola nel mondo eterna, a cui si voive
Ogni creata cosa,
In te, morte, si posa
Nostra ignuda natura ;
Lieta no, ma sicura
Dell' antico dolor.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar :
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought th' insults of death defy,
The fools through bless'd insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave ;
Sought by the wretch and vanquished by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free,
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Nature

AS a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more ;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wished to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The 'Deserted House

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide :
Careless tenants they !

All within is dark as night :
In the windows is no light ;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

DIVINA MORS

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away : no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away : for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell ;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Verses found in his Bible at the Gate-House at Westminster

EVEN such is Time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God will raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

DIVINA MORS

Up-Hill

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

The City of the Dead

THEY do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours ;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and Summer change,

DIVINA MORS

And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
In that burg of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long ,
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of Autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the City of Surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun,
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers every one.
There is only peace and rest ;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

RICHARD BURTON.

The Land o' the Leal

I'M wearing awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John.
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither could nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John ;
And O ! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
O dry your glistening e'e, John !
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

O haud ye leal and true, John !
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE.

DIVINA MORS

Veronica Veris

O BUT they say the tongues of lying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony :
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that do more must say is listened more
Than they whose youth and ease have taught us gloss :
More are men's ends marked than their lives before :
The setting sun and moon in the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
With remembrance more than things long past.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Eurus :

HE rounded off round this world of woe,
Where toil and labour never cease :
Then dropped one mile span below,
In search of Peace.

And now to him mid beams and showers,
All that he needs in grace his name,
From lowliest regions, at all hours,
Unthought-for come.

ALFRED DO VIGIL.

DIVINA MORS

A Wish

I ASK not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free ;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favoured sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears ;
Let those who will, if any, weep !
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied ;
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go ;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, that makes death a hideous show !

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he !

DIVINA MORS

Bring none of these ! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide ærial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed !
To feel the universe my home ;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear ;
T'hen willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DIVINA MORS

*Vitae summa brevis Spem nos vetat
incubare longam*

THEY are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate :

I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses :
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream.

ERNEST DOWSON.

Pasteur's Grave

NO cypress-shadowed churchyard, nor the gloom
Of haunted cloisters, doth immortalize
The dust of him, whose patience proved more wise
To save, than Death to slay. The busy loom
Glancing with silk, the teeming herd, the bloom
Of purpling vineyards, and the grateful eyes
Of souls reprieved at Death's most dread assize,
Shall make eternal gladness round his tomb.

Not 'mid the dead should he be laid asleep
Who wagheth still with Death triumphant strife,
Who sowed the good that centuries shall reap,
And took its terror from the healer's knife ;
Defender of the living, he shall keep
His slumber in the armoury of life.

ALFRED HAYES.

DIVINA MORS

Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure ;
To-day will die to-morrow ;
Time stoops to no man's lure ;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever ;
That dead men rise up never ;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light :
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight :
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal ;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

DIVINA MORS

Prospice

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old ;
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the element's rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

ROBERT BROWNING.

DIVINA MORS

The Last of All

WHETHER it's Heaven—or whether it's Hell—
Or whether it's merely Sleep ;
Or whether it's something in between
Where ghosts of the half-gods creep—
Since it comes but once—and it comes to all—
On the one fixed, certain date—
Why drink of the dregs till the Cup arrives
On the grey day set by Fate ?
One by one till the line is passed—
The gutter-born—and the crown ;
So what is a day—or a year or two—
Since the answer's written down ?
What is a day to a million years
When the last winds sound the call ?
So here's to the days that rest between—
And here's to the last of all !

GRANTLAND RICE.

'Come, lovely and soothing death'

COME, lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise ! praise ! praise !
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

‘COME, LOVELY AND SOOTHING DEATH’

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
 come unflinching.

Approach, strong deliveress!
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing
 the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee,—adornments and
 feastings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread
 sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose
 voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields
 and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves
 and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.

WALT WHITMAN.

DIVINA MORS

Life

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I ?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed ?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years th' appointed hour,
To break thy trance and reassume thy power ?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
O say what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee ?
Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning !

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

DIVINA MORS

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Last Lines

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-
troubled sphere ;
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

DIVINA MORS

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void ;
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

EMILY BRONTË.

The Rising Tide

AN idle man, I stroll at eve,
Where move the waters to and fro ;
Full soon their added gains will leave
Small space for me to come and go.

Already in the clogging sand
I walk with dull, retarded feet ;
Yet still is sweet the lessening strand,
And still the lessening light is sweet.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

DIVINA MORS

Vesperal

I KNOW the night is near at hand.
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry ;
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day ;
When at Thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.



INDEX OF AUTHORS

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Arnold, Matthew, 6, 11, 24,
26, 36, 39, 67, 83, 87, 109,
144, 245, 255, 257, 259,
266, 269, 305, 308, 321, 324.</p> <p>Barbault, Anna, Letitia, 330.</p> <p>Barker, Helen Granville, 264.</p> <p>Baring, Maurice, 182.</p> <p>Beddoes, Thomas Lovell, 68.</p> <p>Bishop, Samuel, 108.</p> <p>Bridges, Robert, 249.</p> <p>Brontë, Emily, 17, 20, 81, 82,
110, 195, 196, 205, 222,
249, 265, 331.</p> <p>Brooke, Rupert, 59, 181, 257.</p> <p>Brooke, Stopford Augustus,
14.</p> <p>Browning, Elizabeth Barrett,
141.</p> <p>Browning, Robert, 27, 33, 51,
64, 72, 79, 87, 88, 110, 149,
193, 209, 231, 237, 288, 327.</p> <p>Burns, Robert, 118, 161.</p> <p>Burroughs, John, 312.</p> <p>Burton, Richard, 132, 317.</p> <p>Byron, George Gordon, Lord,
198, 211, 214.</p> <p>Campion, Thomas, 44, 45, 46,
57.</p> <p>Cheney, John Vance, 43, 101.</p> <p>Clough, Arthur Hugh, 10,</p> | <p>28-9, 36, 139, 235, 263,
276.</p> <p>Coleridge, Hartley, 51, 131,
243.</p> <p>Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 138,
236, 274, 285, 295.</p> <p>Collins, William, 160.</p> <p>Cunningham, Allan, 182.</p> <p>Curran, John Philpot, 196.</p> <p>Daniel, Samuel, 77.</p> <p>Dekker, Thomas, 262.</p> <p>De Vere, Aubrey, 320.</p> <p>Dobell, Sydney, 187.</p> <p>Dowson, Ernest, 52, 323.</p> <p>Drayton, Michael, 145.</p> <p>Drummond, William, 77.</p> <p>Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 32,
101, 102, 106, 213, 256,
258, 260, 264, 265, 269,
274, 299.</p> <p>Etherege, Sir George, 287.</p> <p>FitzGerald, Edward, 18.</p> <p>Gilder, Richard Watson, 58.</p> <p>Gosse, Edmund, 270.</p> <p>Graham, James, Marquess of
Montrose, 104.</p> <p>Hay, John, 113.</p> |
|---|--|

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Hayes, Alfred, 323.
 Head, Henry, 186.
 Henley, William Ernest, 304.
 Herrick, Robert, 47.
 Hoffman, Charles Fenno, 163.
 Hogg, James, 49.
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 180,
 289.
 Hood, Thomas, 53.
 Hopper, Nora, 217, 226.
 Houghton, R. M. Milnes, Lord,
 5, 62, 234, 277.
 Ingram, John Kells, 214, 269.
 Jonson, Ben, 4, 242.
 Keats, John, 78, 150.
 Lamb, Charles, 121, 238.
 Landor, Walter Savage, 92,
 149, 247, 301, 307, 309.
 Lecky, William Edward
 Hartpole, 6, 13, 96, 125,
 126, 248, 273, 278, 280, 282,
 284, 286.
 Letts, Winifred M., 177.
 Longfellow, Henry Wads-
 worth, 174, 241, 315.
 Lovelace, Richard, 159.
 Lowell, James Russell, 7, 142,
 175, 263, 281, 292.
 Macleod, Fiona, 227.
 Martley, John, 117.
 Masefield, John, 284.
 Masters, Edgar Lee, 178.
 Milton, John, 4, 124, 144, 159.
 Mitchell, Silas Weir, 151, 332,
 333.
 Mordaunt, Thomas Osbert, 161.
 Nairne, Carolina, Lady, 318.
 Noyes, Alfred, 204.
 O'Neill, Moira, 226.
 O'Shaughnessy, Arthur, 243.
 Parnell, Fanny, 221.
 Parsons, Thomas William
 124.
 Peacock, Thomas Love, 71
 291.
 Peele, George, 300.
 Pocock, Isaac, 61.
 Poe, Edgar Allan, 123, 294
 303.
 Pope, Alexander, 117.
 Proctor, Bryan Waller, 122.
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 46, 316.
 Rice, Grantland, 328.
 Rossetti, Christina Georgina
 96, 282, 317.
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 33:
 69, 70, 78, 112, 123, 273.
 Russell, George William, 224.
 Sassoon, Siegfried, 22, 184.
 Saxe, John Godfrey, 59.
 Scott, Sir Walter, 64, 101,
 162.
 Shakespeare, William, 3, 38,
 43, 58, 246, 320.
 Sharp, William, 227.
 Sheffield, John, 73.
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 137, 189,
 193, 209, 275, 276, 279.
 Shenstone, William, 287.
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 47.
 Sigerson, Dora, 218, 225.
 Spicer, Anne Higginson, 185,
 186.
 Stedman, Edmund Clarence,
 31, 140.
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, 8,
 105, 190, 310, 331.
 Stoddard, Richard Henry, 7.
 Swinburne, Algernon Charles,
 181, 223, 241, 325.
 Symons, Arthur, 97, 251.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Tadema, Laurence Alma, 183.
 Taylor, Bayard, 164.
 Taylor, Sir Henry, 283.
 Tennyson, Alfred, 12, 67, 92,
 146, 202-3, 231, 232, 252,
 315.
 Thackeray, William Make-
 peace, 111.
 Thayer, William Sydney, 203,
 310.
 Thoreau, Henry David, 19-20.
 Todhunter, John, 22.
 Tynan, Katharine, 26, 30.</p> | <p>Waller, Edmund, 48, 302.
 Walsh, Edward, 217.
 Whitman, Walt, 19, 34, 166,
 212, 220, 328.
 Wolfe, Charles, 201.
 Woodberry, George Edward, 50.
 Wordsworth, William, 18, 22,
 25, 89, 118, 120, 127, 128,
 145, 146, 200, 210, 212, 244,
 266, 268.
 Yeats, William Butler, 61, 98,
 220, 224, 305.</p> |
|--|---|

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A fool and knave with different views	108
Ah, be not false, sweet Splendour	58
Ah, did you once see Shelley plain	149
Ah, what avails the sceptred race!	92
A lake and a fairy boat	53
Alas! they had been friends in youth	236
A line in long array, where the wind betwixt	166
A little hand is knocking at my heart	97
A little sun, a little rain	14
A little while a little love.	69
All along the valley, stream that flashest white	252
All day in exquisite air	26
All June I bound the rose in sheaves	87
All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair	285
All things are sold: the very light of Heaven	279
A march in the ranks hard-prest	167
And what though winter will pinch severe	162
An eye whose magic wakes the hidden springs	203
An idle man, I stroll at eve	332
Announced by all the trumpets of the sky	32
April made me: winter laid me here away asleep	241
'Artemidora! Gods invisible'	247
As a fond mother, when the day is o'er	315
As I was walking up the street.	118
A slumber did my spirit seal	91
As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay	235
At early dawn I once had been	217
Away, haunt thou not me	263
A weary lot is thine, fair maid	162
Aye—there it is! it wakes to-night	20
 Because God put His adamant fate	 257
Because I breathe not love to every one	47

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Because I mourned to see thee fall	234
Behold her, single in the field	118
Beneath the willows on the green	183
Bid me to live, and I will live	47
Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead	181
Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill	59
Bring from the craggy haunts of birch and pine	22
By the rude bridge that arched the flood	213
Can this be thou who, lean and pale	142
Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms	159
Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable night	77
Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald	64
Child in thy beauty : empress in thy pride	117
Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above	249
Come, let us now resolve at last	73
Come, lovely and soothing death	328
Come not, when I am dead	67
Consider the sea's listless chime	33
Dead heat and windless air	30
Dear, had the world in its caprice	110
Death stands above me, whispering low	309
Delicate cluster ! flag of teeming life !	173
Departing Summer hath assumed	146
Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?	317
Dogs barking, dust awhirling	185
Dost thou look back on what hath been	232
Down in the hollow there 's the whole Brigade	184
Each nation master at its own fireside	214
Escape me ?	88
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !	211
Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !	25
Even such is Time, which takes in trust	316
Fair of face, full of pride	223
Far, far from here	305
Far hence, amid an isle of wondrous beauty	220
Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat	327
Fear no more the heat o' the sun	246

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
For him who must see many years	11
Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth	284
Gaily bedight	303
'Give us a song!' the soldiers cried	164
Go not to the hills of Erinn	218
Hark! ah, the nightingale	26
He found his work, but far behind	286
He is dead, the beautiful youth	174
Helen, thy beauty is to me	123
He roamed half round this world of woe	320
His brow spreads large and placid, and his eye	304
His golden locks Time hath to silver turned	300
'Ho, Sailor of the sea!'	187
How can I serve who am too old to fight?	186
How often sit I, poring o'er	29
How should I your true love know	70
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest	160
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth	4
I, Alphonso, live and learn	260
I ask not that my bed of death	321
I'd heard fool-heroes brag of where they'd been	184
If age means but the sum of leaves	310
If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking	196
If the red slayer think he slays	256
If thou wilt ease thine heart	68
I had a chair at every hearth	305
I have had playmates, I have had companions	238
I know, Justine, you speak me fair	59
I know the night is near at hand	333
I know the thing that's most uncommon	117
I leave thee, beauteous Italy! no more	307
I must not say that thou wert true	109
I'm wearing awa', John	318
In cabin'd ships at sea	34
In many forms we try	258
In the days of old	71
In the old house where we dwelt	243
I saw a Sower walking slow	175

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
I saw old General at bay	169
I saw the spires of Oxford	177
I see before me now, a travelling army halting	167
I shall not see the faces of my friends	182
I strove with none; for none was worth my strife	309
It is not growing like a tree	4
It is not yours, O mother, to complain	8
It is time to be old	299
It lies not on the sunlit hill	227
It once might have been, once only	64
I too have suffered: yet I know	255
It was roses, roses, all the way	288
I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree	220
I will make you brooches and toys for your delight	105
I will reach far down in the pit of sorrow	264
 Just for a handful of silver he left us	193
 Kind are her answers	44
Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf	273
 Labour and love! there are no other laws	270
Let me not to the marriage of true minds	58
Let's contend no more, Love	72
Life and Thought have gone away	315
Life! I know not what thou art	330
Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet	83
Light-winged Smoke, Icarian Bird	19
Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough	123
Little lady of my heart!	52
Lo! Death has reared himself a throne	294
Look down, look down from your glittering heights	273
Look not thou on beauty's charming	101
Loud is the vale	200
Love is like the wild rose-briar	110
Lo! Victress on the peaks!	171
Low-anchored cloud	20
Lucy is a golden girl	122
 Man is no mushroom growth of yesterday	269
Methought I saw my late espoused saint	124
Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour	145

